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THE NEW POEM.

The Modern Orlando. Cantos I. to VII. Pp. 212. Colburn.

We presume that this poem is meant to be received *incognito*, not as an imitation suggested by *The New Timon*, but as a continuation of outpouring by the author of that work himself. Be that, however, as it may, it wants none of the character or genius of the prototype. On the contrary, it displays considerable powers in the nervous, descriptive, and playful; treats *de totidem rebus et quibusdam aliis*; and has versatility enough to meet all their calls in a clever desultory medley. The versification is generally smooth and good; the few exceptions being mites in the scale—such as the opening three lines, where the subjunctive is not according to the purest grammar; the rhymes "ocean" and "proportion," and a few similar trifles: otherwise the composition is not only flowing and musical, but correct.

The chain of connexion is very slight. The author travels all over the world, and stops where he lists. For example, at Mont Dor:

"Philosophers pronounce Auvergne volcanic,—
I only know, its roads like goat-tracks twist,
Keeping one's limbs in everlasting panic;
And being no 'profound geologist,'
And caring not a straw for chalk or schist,
I only wish these hills *would* make a blaze,
Or any thing to make them look less *triste*.—
Or that some earthquake would but 'mend their ways';
For here I broke the pole of my new English chaise.

And so, some thousand years ago, those mounts,
Gigantic bald-heads, patriarchal sires,
Were all alive and roaring,—furnace-founts!
Those tall grey pinnacles were flaming spires!
Here was the scene for those that 'fast in fires,'
For pagan-spell and Druid incantation;
Blazing through night and storm, like funeral pyres,
A hundred miles of mountain conflagration
Where just the 'case in point'—for earth's most firework nation!"

"I galloped on through Clermont. Who *would* stop
Among its grass-grown streets and dismal inns?
Yet *here* was raised, of old, Rome's richest crop;
The field is shewn ('tis now a field of whins)
Once thick with princes, priests, and paladins.
When Urban sat on Europe's proudest throne,
Giving the world remission from all sins,
And Hermit Peter raised the Gonfalon;
Madman and saint!—I grieve, those showy days are done.

One truth is plain,—our Nature loves a bustle;
Once it was battle, murder, and crusades,—
Next, plumes and petticoats began to rustle,
And tournaments employed Toledo blades,—
The world then yawned to death those grim parades,
And turned to loving, and the Troubadours;
Then, all was Petrarch and his myrtle-shades;
France, next, gave law in *chansons* and amours,
'Till came, John Bull, thy 'Age' of tunnels and of tours."

There are many hits at France and the French in the volume.

"Paris.

Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange;
Young beauty, superannuated flirt,
True to one love alone, and that one Change;
Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds and half dirt;
Thou model of—two ruffles and no shirt!
Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;
Worn out with age, and yet by time unhurt;
Light without lustre, glory without fame,
Earth's darkest picture set in earth's most gilded frame.

Gay spot! where all the world is in a hurry,
Rambling and scrambling o'er thy pavements stony.
Gay spot! where all earth's idlest idlers bury
Time, trouble, cash, and conscience, *chez Tortoni*—
Thy mob, the genuine northern lazzaroni.
I say no more of thee (I scorn to quote);
All Europe's troops have been thy Ciceroni,
The Bashkir bowmen have thee all by rote;
I merely pause to give one Louvre anecdote."

"Lyons.

Lyons! I gave five minutes to thy 'sights'
How calm the showy termagant has grown!
'Tis true, she has some 'espions' on her heights,
Giving the haughty Lady of the Rhone
Strong hints of duty to the 'Three-days' throne.'
Stout fortresses, though yet not quite fifteen,
Yet quite enough to make a bridal zone
Stiff as her bouncing sister's by the Seine:
Gay France must *always* have the gun—or guillotine!"

Of the reflective, descriptive, or imaginative, we will now make a brief selection.

"Few hearts have *never* loved; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion; *none* a third!
The first was living fire; the next a thrill!
The weary heart can never more be stirred;
Rely on it, the song has left the bird!
—All's for the best. The fever and the flame,
The pulse, that was a pang; the glance, a word,
The tone, that shot like lightning through the frame,
Can *shatter* us no more: the rest is but a name!"

"Give me great Nature's summoners to thought,
The mountain's thunder-splintered pinnacle;
The living freshness of the ivied grot,
Where the young river gushes from its cell;
The low rich echoes that from forests swell,
Or ruined piles by wild-wood flowers o'ergrown,
Where ancient sages taught, or heroes fell:
And glorious shapes seem haunting every stone,
And the world-wearied heart communes with Heaven alone.

Nature, I love thee in thy storm and calm,
In wilderness or wave I love thee still;
For thou alone hast power the pangs to balm,
That, but for thy sweet antidote, must *kill*.
Not that I dare impeach the lofty will
Which, like the lightning, struck me to the earth;
If mine are wounds too deep for human skill,
If bitter tears now mingle with my mirth,
I own the solemn bond, the burden of man's birth!"

The storm has come! I love that world of clouds,
With all its deepening, darkening, rolling, rushing!
Now spreading, pale and wild, like giant-shrouds;
Now pile on pile in fiery sunlight flushing;
Now with the rain from all its fountains gushing;
Then, stooping on the hills, like funeral-palls,
The thunderbolts the forest-monarchs crushing;
The streamlets bursting down in waterfalls;
Till comes the golden ray to paint its airy halls.

The thunder dies away; the storm is past;
The sun looks out from heaven, a lovelier sun;
The rain-drops from the trees fall bright and fast;
The rainbow shoots across the vapours dun;
The leverets o'er the freshened herbage run;
The flowers all seem their sister-flowers caressing;
A general evening-anthem has begun;
The birds in song their little souls confessing:
Field, forest, breathing up their incense for the blessing!

I have been long a connoisseur in storms:
Not these slight sprinklers of the summer-plain;
But, would you worship Nature's grandest forms,
Leave forest, field, and mountain's marble chain,
And seek the goddess in her own domain,
The Ocean in its strength; the blinding blaze;
The blasts, like iron columns; tropic rain
Pouring in cataracts; the sheeted sprays;
The tempest hiding heaven for desperate nights and days.

Take my experience in those showy things;
None (but your yachtmen) scorn a hurricane.
First, all is stillness; to the mast-head clings
The lumbering sail; no breath disturbs the vane;
The low horizon shews a blood-like stain;
The sky looks coppery; the air seems lead;
Far thunders mutter; fall slow drops of rain;
The sun on huge brown billows lays his head,
Then shoots one broad red glare, and day at once is fled.

Night drops death-dark; and if on board a ship
At anchor in some windward island's lee,
You're *sure* to dream of taking your last trip
Down to the bottom of the 'deep, deep' sea,
A million sharks upon you making free!
You feel their triple grinders taking bites!
You scream, and bounce from bed; the bell strikes three;
(The blackest hour of black West Indian nights;)
You find the crew all up, and hammering the dead-lights!

Landward the view is thick as Indian ink;
Save where you see the flashing of a gun,
Or the wild tossing of some negro's link,
Waiting to pick your pocket when *all's* done!
Ships, cutting cables, plump upon you run,
Threatening to send you to the 'sailor's home.'
Shouts, shrieks, and thunder-peals, your ear-drums *stun*;

Seaward you see but one wide world of foam,
Surge rolling upon surge, huge as St. Peter's dome!
If peeps the moon, the sight but grows more horrid;
She looks a ghost above a boundless grave;
With 'hat-band' clouds about her dismal forehead;
The winds all howling out your funeral stave!
Then comes a crash—a groan! that mountain wave
Has done the deed! the cable's snap asunder!
Your anchor's gone! You need but choose what cave
Or crag your worship wishes to lie under,
With grampuses for mutes; chief mourners, surge and thunder!"

A fairer sample than the foregoing of the talent of the whole could not be given; and we might drop our anchor here but for the temptation of two or three farther extracts, which we fancy may please our readers.

"The very well bred world is not too nice;
Its science is to lead an easy life.
Nature abhors in all things the precise.
Bon ton detests the stoic's pruning knife.
If woman errs, what then—'Is she your wife?'
If man—'Are you his spiritual director?'
Enjoy their feasts; why dabble in their strife!
Shut both your eyes—'Who made you their inspector?'
Must all the world perform Andromache and Hector!"

"*La Cuisine.*
Depend upon it, in all 'leading' nations
The character is in the cookery.
Why do the British make such tough orations?
Why must the Frenchman chatter, skip, or die?
Why growls the honest German like his sty?
Beefsteaks, frog-soup, and sourkrout, are the cause!
His olla swells the Spaniard's soul and sigh!
The Russ takes pattern by his own 'bear's paws'!
Trust me, the *civilised* are modelled by the jaws.
Cooking, the earliest of man's master-arts!
So tells us the old gay Deipnosophist.
Kings first displayed their talents in their tarts,
Long before pensions swamped the Civil List.
Old Ossian's breechless monarchs of the mist
Were famous hands at haggis and at haunch,
Ere Jonathan (Earth's phoenix!) brewed 'gin-twist,'
Ere Whigs were slippery dogs, or Tories staunch,
Or Frenchmen hunted frogs upon thy shores, La Manche.

"Confucius potted lap-dogs—But I hurry
(I hate procrastination) to the Roman.
(The East besides is weak in all but curry.)
Cæsar, 'tis known, would trust his soups to no man;
Mark Antony, though he 'lost the world for woman,'
Was cautious of his Cleopatra's stews.
Rome, till she fell before the Northern bowman,
Though, at her best, not equal to ragouts,
Challenged the world at shrimps and wild-hog barbecues.
Rome fell, and France took charge of the *cuisine*;
Monarchs may fade, but eating lasts for ever.
The crown of Europe lies in the tureen
(So said Richelieu, who for a priest was clever).
What's Fame?—a cheat! and Love!—a three-day fever!
Pass a few years, our passions slide away;
But never man shall break the sceptre, never!
Which *La Cuisine* waves o'er us, grave or gay,
So long as man is doomed to eat four meals a-day."

And this brings us to Soyer.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN-COMMONER.

Time wore on, and brought round the Christmas vacation. I thought it due to myself, as all young men do, to get up to town for a week or two if possible; and being lucky enough to have an old aunt occupying a very dark house much too large for her, and who, being rather a prosy personage, a little deaf, and very opinionated, and therefore not a special object of attraction to her relations (her property was merely a life-interest), was very glad to get any one to come and see her—I determined to pay a visit, in which the score of obligations would be pretty equally balanced on both sides. On the one hand, the tete-a-tete dinners with the old lady, and her constant catechising about Oxford, were a decided bore to me; while it required some forbearance on her part to endure an inmate who constantly rushed into the drawing-room without wiping his boots, who had no taste for old china, and against whom the dear dog Petto had an unaccountable but decided antipathy. (Poor dog! I fear he was ungrateful: I used to devil sponge biscuit, internally, for him after dinner, kept a snuff-box more for his use than my own, and prolonged his life, I feel confident, at least twelve months from apoplexy, by pulling hairs out of his tail with a tweeze whenever he went to sleep.) On the other hand, my aunt had got wine, and I used to praise it; which was agreeable to both parties. She got me pleasant invitations, and was enabled herself to make her appearance in society with a live nephew in her suite, who in her eyes (I confess, reader, old aunts are partial) was a very eligible young man. So my visit, on the whole, was mutually agreeable and advantageous. I had my mornings to myself, gratifying the dowager occasionally by a drive with her in the afternoon; and we had sufficient engagements for our evenings to make each other's sole society rather an unusual infliction. It is astonishing how much such an arrangement tends to keep people the best friends in the world.

I had attended my respectable relation one evening (or rather she had attended me, for I believe she went more for my sake than her own) to a large evening party, which was a ball in everything but the name. Nearly all in the rooms were strangers to me; but I had plenty of introductions, and the night wore on pleasantly enough. I saw a dozen pretty faces I had never seen before, and was scarcely likely to see again—the proportion of ugly ones I forbear to mention—and was prepared to bear the meeting and the parting with equal philosophy, when the sight of a very familiar face brought different scenes to

my mind. Standing within half-a-dozen steps of me, and in close conversation with a lady, of whom I could see little besides a cluster of dark curls, was Ormiston, one of our college tutors, and one of the most universally popular men in Oxford. It would be wrong to say I was surprised to see him there or anywhere else, for his roll of acquaintance was most extensive, embracing all ranks and degrees; but I was very glad to see him, and made an almost involuntary dart forward in his direction. He saw me, smiled, and put out his hand, but did not seem inclined to enter into any conversation. I was turning away, when a sudden movement gave me a full view of the face of the lady to whom he had been talking. It was a countenance of that pale, clear, intellectual beauty, with a shade of sadness about the mouth, which one so seldom sees but in a picture, but which, when seen, haunts the imagination and the memory rather than excites passionate admiration. The eyes met mine, and, quite by accident, for the thoughts were evidently pre-occupied, retained for some moments the same fixed gaze with which I almost as unconsciously was regarding them. There was something in the features which seemed not altogether unknown to me; and I was beginning to speculate on the possibility of any small heroine of my boyish admiration having shot up into such sweet womanhood—such changes soon occur—when the eyes became conscious, and the head was rapidly turned away. I lost her a moment afterwards in the crowd, and although I watched the whole of the time we remained, with an interest that amused myself, I could not see her again. She must have left the party early.

So strong became the impression on my mind that it was a face I had known before, and so fruitless and tantalizing were my efforts to give it "a local habitation and a name"—that I determined at last to question my aunt upon the subject, though quite aware of the imputation that would follow. The worst of it was, I had so few tangible marks and tokens by which to identify my interesting unknown. However, at breakfast next morning, I opened ground at once, in answer to my hostess's remark that the rooms had been very full.

"Yes, they were: I wanted very much, my dear aunt, to have asked you the names of all the people; but you really were so much engaged, I had no opportunity."

"Ah! if you had come and sat by me, I could have told you all about them; but there were some very odd people there, too."

"There was one rather interesting-looking girl I did not see dancing much—tallish, with pearl ear-rings."

"Where was she sitting? how was she dressed?"

"I had only seen her standing—I never noticed—I hardly think I could have seen—even the colour of her dress."

"Not know how she was dressed! My dear Frank, how strange!"

"All young ladies dress alike now, aunt; there's really not much distinction: they seemed all black and white to me."

"Certainly the balls don't look half so gay as they used to do: a little colour gives cheerfulness, I think. (The good old lady herself had worn crimson satin and a suite of chrysolites—if her theory were correct, she was enough to have spread a glow over the whole company.) "But let me see;—tall, with pearls, you say; dark hair and eyes?"

"Yes."

"You must mean Lucy Fielding."

"Nonsense, my dear Ma'am—I beg a thousand pardons; but I was introduced to Miss Fielding, and danced with her—she squints."

"My dear Frank, don't say such a thing!—she will have half the Strathinish property when she comes of age. But let me see again. Had she a white rose in her hair?"

"She had, I think; or something like it."

"It might have been Lord Dunham's youngest daughter, who is just come out—she was there for an hour or so."

"No, no, aunt: I know her by sight too—a pale gawky thing, with an arm and hand like a prize-fighter's—oh no!"

"Upon my word, my dear nephew, you young men give yourselves abominable airs: I call her a very fine young woman, and I've no doubt she will marry well, though she hasn't much fortune. Was it Miss Cassilis, then!—white tulle over satin, looped with roses, with gold sprigs?"

"And freckles to match: why, she's as old as"—I felt myself on dangerous ground, and filled up the hiatus, I fear not very happily, by looking full at my aunt.

"Not so very old, indeed, my dear: she refused a very good offer last season: she cannot possibly be above"—

"Oh! spare the particulars, pray, my dear Ma'am; but you could not have seen the girl I mean: I don't think she stayed after supper: I looked everywhere for her to ask who she was, but she must have been gone."

"Really! I wish I could help you," said my aunt with a very insinuating smile.

"Oh," said I, "what made me anxious to know who it was at the time, was simply that I saw her talking to an old friend of mine, whom you know something of, I believe; did you not meet Mr. Ormiston somewhere last winter?"

"Mr. Ormiston! oh, I saw him there last night! and now I know who you mean; it must have been Mary Russell, of course; she did wear pearls, and plain white muslin."

"Russell! what Russells are they?"

"Russell the banker's daughter; I suppose nobody knows how many thousands she'll have; but she is a very odd girl. Mr. Ormiston is rather committed in that quarter, I fancy. Ah, he's a very gentlemanly man, certainly, and an old friend of the family; but that match would never do. Why, he must be ten years older than she is, in the first place, and hasn't a penny that I know of except his fellowship. No, no; she refused Sir John Maynard last winter, with a clear twelve thousand a-year; and angry enough her papa was about that, everybody says, though he never contradicts her; but she never will venture upon such a silly thing as a match with Mr. Ormiston."

"Won't she?" said I mechanically, not having had time to collect my thoughts exactly.

"To be sure she won't," replied my aunt rather sharply. It certainly struck me that Mary Russell, from what her brother had told me, was a person very likely to show some little disregard of any conventional notions of what was, or was not desirable in the matter of matrimony; but at the same time I inclined to agree with my aunt, that it was not very probable she would become Mrs. Ormiston; indeed, I doubted any very serious intentions on his part. Fellows of colleges are usually somewhat lavish of admiration and attentions; but, as many young ladies know, very difficult to bring to book. Ormiston was certainly not a man to be influenced by the fortune which the banker's daughter might reasonably be credited with; if anything made the matter seem serious, it was that his opinion of the sex in general—as thrown out in an occasional hint or sarcasm—seemed to border on a supercilious contempt.

I did not meet Miss Russell again during my short stay in town; but two or three days after this conversation, in turning the corner of the street, I came suddenly upon Ormiston. I used to flatter myself with being rather a favourite of his—not from any conscious merit on my part, unless that, during the year of his deanship, when summoned before him for any small atrocities, and called to account for them, I never took up his time or my own by any of the usual somewhat questionable excuses, but awaited my fate, whether "imposition" or reprimand, in silence; a plan which, with him, answered very well, and saved some straining of conscience on one side, and credulity on the other. I tried it with his successor, who decided that I was contumacious, because, the first time I was absent from chapel, in reply to his interrogations I answered nothing, and upon his persevering, told him that I had been at a very late supper-party the night before. I think, then, I was rather a favourite of Ormiston's. To say that he was a favourite of mine would be saying very little; for there could have been scarcely a man in college, of any degree of respectability, who would not have been ready to say the same. No man had a higher regard for the due maintenance of discipline, or his own dignity, and the reputation of the college; yet nowhere among the seniors could the undergraduate find a more judicious or a kinder friend. He had the art of mixing with them occasionally with all the unreservedness of an equal, without for a moment endangering the respect due to his position. There was no man you could ask a favour of—even if it unfriended a little upon the strictness of college regulations—so readily as Ormiston; and no one appeared to retain more thoroughly some of his boyish tastes and recollections. He subscribed his five guineas to the boat, even after a majority of the fellows had induced our good old Principal, whose annual appearance at the river-side to cheer her at the races had seemed almost a part of his office, to promulgate a decree to the purport that boat-racing was immoral, and that no man engaged therein should find favour in the sight of the authorities. Yet, at the same time, Ormiston could give grave advice when needed; and give it in such a manner, that the most thoughtless among us received it as from a friend. And whenever he did administer a few words of pointed rebuke—and he did not spare it when any really discreditable conduct came under his notice—they fell the more heavily upon the delinquent, because the public sympathy was sure to be on the side of the judge. The art of governing young men is a difficult one, no doubt; but it is surprising that so few take any pains to acquire it. There were very few Ormistons, in my time, in the high places in Oxford.

On that morning, however, Ormiston met me with evident embarrassment, if not with coolness. He started when he first saw me, and, had there been a chance of doing so with decency, looked as if he would have pretended not to recognise me. But we were too near for that, and our eyes met at once. I was really very glad to see him, and not at all inclined to be content with the short "How d'ye do?" so unlike his usual cordial greetings, with which he was endeavouring to hurry on; and there was a little curiosity afloat among my other feelings. So I fairly stopped him with a few of the usual inquiries, as to how long he had been in town, &c., and then plunged at once into the affair of the ball at which we had last met. He interrupted me at once.

"By the way," said he, "have you heard of poor Russell's business?"

I actually shuddered, for I scarcely knew what was to follow. As composedly as I could, I simply said, "No."

"His father is ruined, they say—absolutely ruined. I suppose that is no secret by this time, at all events. He cannot possibly pay even a shilling in the pound."

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear it," was all I could say.

"But do you know, Hawthorne," continued Ormiston, taking my arm with something like his old manner, and no longer showing any anxiety to cut short our interview, "I am afraid this is not the worst of it. There is a report in the city this morning, I was told, that Mr. Russell's character is implicated by some rather unbusinesslike transactions. I believe you are a friend of poor Russell's, and for that reason I mention it to you in confidence. He may not be aware of it; but the rumour is, that his father *dare* not show himself again here: that he has left England I know to be a fact."

"And his daughter? Miss Russell?" I asked involuntarily—"his children, I mean—where are they?"

I thought Ormiston's colour heightened; but he was not a man to show much visible emotion. "Charles Russell and sister are still in London," he replied; "I have just seen them. They know their father has left for the Continent; I hope they do not know all the reasons. I am very sincerely sorry for young Russell; it will be a heavy blow to him, and I fear he will find his circumstances bitterly changed. Of course he will have to leave Oxford."

"I suppose so," said I; "no one can feel more for him than I do. It was well, perhaps, that this did not happen in term time."

"It spared him some mortification, certainly. You will see him, perhaps, before you leave town; he will take it kind. And if you have any influence with him—he will be inclined to listen, perhaps just now, to you more than to me—being more of his own age, he will give you credit for entering into his feelings)—do try and dissuade him from forming any wild schemes, to which he seems rather inclined. He has some kind friends, no doubt; and remember, if there is anything in which I can be of use to him, he shall have my aid—even to the half of my kingdom—that is, my tutorship."

And with a smile and tone which seemed a mixture of jest and earnest, Mr. Ormiston wished me good-morning. He was to leave for Oxford that night.

Of Russell's address in town I was up to this moment ignorant, but resolved to find it out, and see him before my return to the University. The next morning, however, a note arrived from him, containing a simple request that I would call. I found him at the place from which he wrote—one of those dull quiet streets that lead out of the Strand—in very humble lodgings; his father's private establishment having been given up, it appeared, immediately. The moment we met, I saw at once, as I expected, that the blow which, to Ormiston, had naturally seemed so terrible a one—no less than the loss, to a young man, of the wealth, rank, and prospects in life to which he had been taught to look forward—had been, in fact, to Russell a merciful relief. The failure of that long-celebrated and trusted house, which was causing in the public mind, according to the papers, so much "consternation" and "excitement," was to him a consummation long foreseen, and scarcely dreaded. It was only the shadow of wealth and happiness which he had lost now; its substance had vanished long since. And the conscious hollowness and hypocrisy, as he called it, of his late position, had been a far more bitter trial to a mind like his, than any which could result from its exposure. He was one to hail with joy any change which brought him back to truth and reality, no matter how rude and sudden the revolution.

He met me with a smile; a really honest, almost a light-hearted smile. "It is come at last, Hawthorne; perhaps it would be wrong, or I feel as if I could say, thank God. There is but one point which touches me at all; what do they

say about my father?" I told him—fortunately, my acquaintance lying but little among men of business, I could tell him so honestly—that I had not heard a syllable breathed to his discredit.

"Well, well; but they will, soon. Oh! Hawthorne; the utter misery, the curse that money-making brings with it! That joining house to house, and field to field, how it corrupts all the better part of a man's nature! I vow to you, I believe my father would have been an honest man if he had but been a poor one! If he had never had anything to do with interest tables, and had but spent his capital, instead of trying to double and re-double it! One thing I have to thank him for; that he never would suffer me to imbibe any taste for business; he knew the evil and the pollution money-handling brings with it—I am sure he did: he encouraged me, I fear, in extravagance; but I bless him that he never encouraged me in covetousness."

He grew a little calmer by degrees, and we sat down and took counsel as to his future plans. He was not, of course, without friends, and had already had many offers of assistance for himself and his sister; but his heart appeared, for the present, firmly bent upon independence. Much to my surprise, he decided on returning at once to Oxford, and reading for his degree. His sister had some little property settled upon her—some hundred and fifty pounds a year; and this she had insisted on devoting to this purpose.

"I love her too well," said Russell, "to refuse her; and trifling as this sum is,—I remember the time when I should have thought it little to keep me in gloves and handkerchiefs,—yet, with management, it will be more than I shall spend in Oxford. Of course, I play the gentleman-commoner no longer; I shall descend to the plain stuff gown."

"You'll go to a hall, of course?" said I; for I concluded he would at least avoid the mortification of so palpable a confession of reduced circumstances as this degradation of rank in his old College would be.

"I can see no occasion for it; that is, if they will allow me to change; I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and shall be much happier than I was before. I only strike my false colours; and you know they were never carried willingly."

I did not attempt to dissuade him, and soon after rose to take my leave.

"I cannot ask my sister to see you now," he said, as we shook hands; "she is not equal to it. But some other time, I hope"—

"At any other time, I shall be most proud of the introduction. By the way, have you seen Ormiston? He met me this morning, and sent some kind messages, to offer any service in his power."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes; and, depend upon it, he will do all he can for you in college; you don't know him very well, I think; but I am sure he has taken an interest in you now, at all events," I continued, "and no man is a more sincere and zealous friend."

"I beg your pardon, Hawthorne, but I fancy I do know Mr. Ormiston very well."

"Oh! I remember, there seemed some coolness between you, because you never would accept his invitations. Ormiston thought you were too proud to dine with him; and then his pride, which he has his share of, took fire. But that misunderstanding must be all over now."

"My dear Hawthorne, I believe Mr. Ormiston and I understand each other perfectly. Good morning; I am sorry to seem abrupt, but I have a host of things, not the most agreeable, to attend to."

It seemed quite evident that there was some little prejudice on Russell's part against Ormiston. Possibly he did not like his attentions to his sister. But that was no business of mine, and I knew the other too well to doubt his earnest wish to aid and encourage a man of Russell's high principles, and in his unfortunate position. None of us always know our best friends.

The step which Russell had resolved on taking was, of course, an unusual one. Even the college authorities strongly advised him to remove his name to the books of one of the halls, where he would enter comparatively as a stranger, and where his altered position would not entail so many painful feelings. Every facility was offered him of doing so at one of them where a relative of our Principal's was the head, and even a saving in expense might thus be effected. But this evident kindness and consideration on their part, only confirmed him in the resolution of remaining where he was. He met their representations with the graceful reply, that he had an attachment to the college where he did not depend upon the rank he held in it, and that he trusted he should not be turned out of two homes at once. Even the heart of the splenetic little vice principal was moved by this genuine tribute to the venerable walls, which to him, as his mistress's girdle to the poet, encircled all he loved, or hoped, or cared for; and had the date been some century earlier—in those remarkable times when a certain fellow was said to have owed his election into that body to a wondrous knack he had at compounding sherry-posset—it is probable Charles Russell would have stepped into a fellowship by special license at once.

He had harder work before him, however, and he set stoutly to it. He got permission to lodge out of college—a privilege quite unusual, and apparently without any sufficient object in his case. A day or two after his return, he begged me to go with him to see the rooms he had taken; and I was surprised to find that although small, and not in a good part of the town, they were furnished in a style by no means, I thought, in accordance with the strict economy I knew him to be practising in every other respect. They contained, on a small scale, all the appointments of a lady's drawing-room. It was soon explained. His sister was coming to live with him. "We are but two, now," said Russell in explanation, "and though poor Mary has been offered what might have been a comfortable home elsewhere, which perhaps would have been more prudent, we both thought why should we be separated? As to these little things you see, they are nearly all hers; we offered them to the creditors, but even the lawyers would not touch them; and here Mary and I shall live. Very strange, you think, for her to be here in Oxford with no one to take care of her but me; but she does not mind that, and we shall be together. However, Hawthorne, we shall keep a dragon; there is an old housekeeper who would not be turned off, and she comes down with Mary, and may pass for her aunt, if that's all; so don't, pray be shocked at us."

And so the old housekeeper did come down, and Mary with her; and under such guardianship, a brother and an old servant, was that fair girl installed within the perilous precincts of the University of Oxford; perilous in more senses than one, as many a speculative and disappointed mamma can testify, whose daughters, brought to market at the annual "show" at commemoration, have left uncaught those dons of dignity, and heirs-apparent of property, whom they ought to have caught, and caught those well-dressed and good-looking, but undesirable young men, whom they ought not to have caught. Mary Russell, however, was in little peril herself, and, as little as she could help it, an occasion of peril to others. Seldom did she move out from her humble abode, except for an early morning walk with her brother, or sometimes leaning on the

arm of her old domestic, so plainly dressed that you might have mistaken her for her daughter, and wondered how those intensely expressive features, and queen-like graces, should have been bestowed by nature on one so humble. Many a thoughtful student, pacing slowly the parks or Christchurch meadow after early chapel, book in hand, cheating himself into the vain idea that he was taking a healthful walk, and roused by the flutter of approaching female dress, and unwillingly looking up to avoid the possible and unwelcome collision with a smirking nurse-maid and an unresisting baby—has met those eyes, and spoilt his reading for the morning; or has paused in the running tour of Headington hill, or Magdalen walk, by which he was endeavouring to cram his whole allotted animal exercise for the day into an hour, as that sweet vision crossed his path, and wondered in his heart by what happy tie of relationship, or still dearer claim, his fellow-undergraduate had secured to himself so lovely a companion; and has tried in vain, over his solitary breakfast, to rid himself of the heterodox notion which would still creep in upon his thoughts, that in the world there might be, after all, things better worth living and working for, prizes more valuable—and perhaps no harder to win—than a first class, and living personations of the beautiful which Aristotle had unaccountably left out. Forgive me, dear reader, if I seem to be somewhat sentimental; I am not, and I honestly believe I never was, in love with Mary Russell; I am not—I fear I never was or shall be—much of a reading man, or an early riser; but I will confess, it would have been a great inducement to me to adopt such habits, if I could have ensured such pleasant company in my morning walks.

To the general world of Oxford, for a long time, I have no doubt the very existence of such a jewel within it was unknown; for at the hours when liberated tutors and idle undergraduates are wont to walk abroad, Mary was sitting, hid within a little ambush of geraniums, either busy at her work, or helping—as she loved to fancy she did him—her brother at his studies. Few men, I believe, ever worked harder than Russell did in his last year. With the exception of the occasional early walk, and the necessary attendance at chapel and lecture, he read hard nearly the whole day; and I always attributed the fact of his being able to do so with comparatively little effort, and no injury to his health, to his having such a sweet face always present, to turn his eyes upon, when wearied with a page of Greek, and such a kind voice always ready to speak or to be silent.

It was not for want of access to any other society that Mary Russell spent her time so constantly with her brother. The Principal, with his usual kind-heartedness, had insisted—a thing he seldom did—upon his lady making her acquaintance; and though Mrs. Meredith, who plumed herself much upon her dignity, had made some show of resistance at first to calling upon a young lady who was living in lodgings by herself in one of the most out-of-the-way streets in Oxford, yet, after her first interview with Miss Russell, so much did her sweetness of manner win upon Mrs. Principal's fancy—or perhaps it will be doing that lady but justice to say, so much did her more than orphan unprotectedness and changed fortunes soften the woman's heart that beat beneath that formidable exterior of silk and ceremony, that before the first ten minutes of what had been intended as a very condescending and very formal call, were over, she had been offered a seat in Mrs. Meredith's official pew in St. Mary's: the pattern of a mysterious bag, which that good lady carried everywhere about with her, it was believed for no other purpose; and an airing the next day behind the fat old greys, which their affectionate coachman—in commemoration of his master's having purchased them at the time he held that dignity—always called by the name of the "Vice-Chancellor." Possibly an absurd incident, which Mary related with great glee to her brother and myself, had helped to thaw the ice in which "our governess" usually encased herself. When the little girl belonging to the lodgings opened the door to these dignified visitors, upon being informed that Miss Russell was at home, the Principal gave the name simply as "Dr. and Mrs. Meredith;" which, not appearing to his more pompous half at all calculated to convey a due impression of the honour conveyed by the visit, she corrected him, and in a tone quite audible—as indeed every word of the conversation had been—up the half-dozen steep stairs which led to the little drawing-room, gave out "The Master of — and lady, if you please." The word "master" was quite within the comprehension of the little domestic, and dropping an additional courtesy of respect to an office which reminded her of her catechism and her Sunday school, she selected the appropriate feminine from her own vocabulary, and threw open the door with "the master and mistress of — if you please, Miss." Dr. Meredith laughed, as he entered, so heartily, that even Mary could not help smiling, and the "mistress," seeing the odds against her, smiled too. An acquaintance begun in such good humour, could hardly assume a very formal character; and, in fact, had Mary Russell not resolutely declined all society, Mrs. Meredith would have felt rather a pleasure in patronising her. But both her straitened means and the painful circumstances of her position—her father already spoken of almost as a criminal—led her to court strict retirement; while she clung with redoubled affection to her brother. He, on his part, seemed to have improved in health and spirits since his change of fortunes; the apparent haughtiness and coldness with which many had charged him before, had quite vanished; he showed no embarrassment, far less any consciousness of degradation, in his conversation with any of his old messmates at the gentlemen-commoners' table; and though his communication with the college was but comparatively slight, nearly all his time being spent in his lodgings, he was becoming quite a popular character.

Meanwhile, a change of a different kind seemed to be coming over Ormiston. It was remarked, even by those not much given to observation, that his lectures, which were once considered endurable, even by idle men, from his happy talent of remark and illustration, were fast becoming as dull and uninteresting as the common run of all such business. Moreover, he had been in the habit of giving, occasionally, capital dinners, invitations to which were sent out frequently and widely among the young men of his own college: these ceased almost entirely; or, when they occurred, had but the shadow of their former joyousness. Even some of the fellows were known to have remarked that Ormiston was much altered lately; some said he was engaged to be married, a misfortune which would account for any imaginable eccentricities; but one of the best of the college livings falling vacant about the time, and, on its refusal by the two senior fellows, coming within Ormiston's acceptance, and being passed by him, tended very much to do away with any suspicion of that kind.

Between him and Russell there was an evident coolness, though noticed by few men but myself; yet Ormiston always spoke most kindly of him, while on Russell's part there seemed to be a feeling almost approaching to bitterness, ill concealed, whenever Ormiston became the subject of conversation. I pressed him once or twice upon the subject, but he always affected to misunderstand me, or laughed off any sarcastic remark he might have made, as meaning nothing; so that at last the name was seldom mentioned between us, and almost the only point on which we differed seemed to be our estimation of Ormiston.

DOST MOHAMMED KHAN.

Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, of Kabul. By Mohan Lal, Esq. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

Mohan Lal has made wondrous proficiency in the European art and mystery of book-making. Something less than one-third of this work is devoted to the life of Dost Mohammed; the rest is made up of extracts from parliamentary papers, long quotations from well-known books, and a vague commentary on recent events in Indian history—particularly the Conquest of Scinde and the Afghan War. With Scinde the writer had nothing to do,—and he has really nothing to say about it that possesses either novelty or importance. His share in the disasters of Cabul gave him opportunities of acquiring information, which would have been read with interest had it not been overlaid by a more than ordinary share of self-laudation. The utility of his work is further diminished by his having adopted a peculiar orthography, which effectually disguises the names of persons and places: reminding us of Voltaire's complaint that, in philological systems vowels count for nothing and consonants for very little. Our familiar Kandahar is travestied into Qandhar,—Kouli Khan becomes Quli Khan,—and the Kuzzilbashs, with whom we have been so long acquainted through Frazer's clever romance and the narratives of some score of Persian travellers, are scarcely recognizable under their new denomination of Qizalbashs. We shall not too strictly apply the Latin rule, "*si non vis intelligi debes negligi*;" but shall endeavour from the materials before us to deduce a sketch of the career of the present ruler of Afghanistan, and of some of the circumstances which brought him into collision with the English government.

Dost Mohammed Khan is the twentieth son of Sarfah Khan,—an officer of high distinction, to whom Shah Zaman was mainly indebted for his accession to the throne of Cabul. He was murdered by his ungrateful sovereign; and his unfortunate family were reduced to the greatest distress. They had literally to beg their bread; and many of them sought shelter in the mausoleum of Ahmed Shah,—where, according to Mohammedan custom, there was a daily distribution of alms. Fatah Khan, the eldest son of Sarfah, after many adventures, succeeded in raising an army; with which he joined Mahmud, the brother of Shah Zaman, and placed him on the throne of Cabul,—Shah Zaman being taken prisoner and deprived of sight. Fatah Khan then took his brother, Dost Mohammed, into his service as his "water-carrier" and "pipe-bearer;" and finding that the boy, then little more than twelve years of age, possessed intelligence beyond his years, he admitted him to all the secrets of his party:—

"This promising young man was in attendance upon him at all times, and never went to sleep till Fatah was gone to his bed. He stood before him all the day with his hands closed, a token of respect among the Afghans. It was not an unusual occurrence, that when Fatah Khan was in his sleeping-room, Dost Mohammed Khan stood watching his safety."

As Mahmud had dethroned Zaman, so another brother, Shah Shuja, dethroned Mahmud, but spared his life and eyes. Fatah Khan began to arrange the means for another revolution,—intending to place one of Mahmud's sons on the throne; but this prince, suspecting the sincerity of the Afghan "king-maker," caused him to be arrested. Dost Mohammed immediately collected a large force, blockaded Kandahar, and would not allow any provisions to enter the city until his brother was released. The brothers then resolved on the restoration of Mahmud. With far inferior forces, Dost Mohammed overthrew Shah Shuja's army,—and Cabul submitted to the conqueror. Fatah Khan was appointed prime minister to the restored monarch: he made Dost Mohammed his only confidant, and employed him to remove those whom he suspected of rivalry or enmity. The circumstances of the murder of Mirza Ali Khan may serve to illustrate the nature of the services which Dost Mohammed rendered to his brother:—

"On receiving the orders of the Vazir, Dost Mohammed armed himself cap-a-pie, and taking six men with him went and remained waiting on the road between the house of Mohammed Azim Khan and the Mirza. It was about midnight when the Mirza passed by Dost Mohammed Khan, whom he saw, and said, 'What has brought your highness here at this late hour? I hope all is good.' He also added, that Dost Mohammed should freely command his services if he could be of any use to him. He replied to the Mirza that he had got a secret communication for him, and would tell him if he moved aside from the servants. He stopped his horse, whereupon Dost Mohammed, holding the mane of his horse with his left hand, and taking his dagger in the right, asked the Mirza to bend his head to hear him. While Dost Mohammed pretended to tell him something of his own invention, and found that the Mirza was hearing him without any suspicion, he stabbed him between the shoulders, and throwing him off his horse, cut him in many places. This was the commencement of the murders which Dost Mohammed Khan afterwards frequently committed."

Passing over many similar deeds of violence, we come to that which proved the ruin of Fatah Khan. He went, with his brother, to assist in rescuing Herat from an attack of the Persians; and, though honourably received by the prince Feroz, he ordered Dost Mohammed to besiege the city and take possession of the palace. Dost Mohammed obeyed without hesitation:—

"He entered the city, as was arranged, with his retinue, and after the sun rose and the Shah Zadah's courtiers had gone out to Fatah Khan, as usual, the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan massacred the palace-guard and seized the person of the Shah Zadah Feroz. Afterwards he commenced to plunder and to gain possession of all the jewels, gold, and treasure of the captive prince, and even went so far as to despoil the inmates of the household; and committed an unparalleled deed by taking off the jewelled band which fastened the trowsers of the wife of the Prince Malik Qasim, the son of the captive, and treated her rudely in other ways. The pillaged lady was the sister of Kam Ran, to whom she sent her profaned robe; and the Shah Zadah, or her brother, resolved and swore to revenge the injury. Fatah Khan was informed of the immense booty which the Sardar had taken, and also his improper conduct towards the royal lady; and the Vazir planned to take the plundered property from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and chastise him for his deeds in the Palace. The Sardar having heard of this made his way through the mountains to join his brother Mohammed Azim Khan, the Governor of Kashmir. He was there put under restraint by the direction of the Vazir, who was preparing again to wage war with the Persians."

The prince Kam Ran, however, was not mollified by this disavowal of Dost Mohammed's proceedings; watching his opportunity, he seized Fatah Khan when off his guard, and put out his eyes:—

"No tragedy of modern days can be compared with that barbarous one that ended the life of the Vazir. He was conducted blind, and pinioned, into the presence of Mahmud Shah, whom he had elevated to the throne. The Shah asked him to write to his rebellious brothers to submit, to which he replied with fortitude, that he was a poor blind prisoner, and had no influence over his brothers. Mahmud Shah was incensed at his obstinacy, and ordered him to be put to the sword, and the Vazir was cruelly and deliberately butchered by the court-

tiers, cutting him limb from limb, and joint from joint, as was reported, after his nose, ears, fingers, and lips had been chopped off. His fortitude was so extraordinary that he neither showed a sign of the pain he suffered, nor asked the perpetrators to diminish their cruelties, and his head was at last sliced from his lacerated body. Such was the shocking result of the misconduct of his brother the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan towards the royal female in Hirat. However, the end of the Vazir Fatah Khan was the end of the Sadozai realm, and an omen for the accession of the new dynasty of the Barakzais, or his brothers, in Afghanistan."

The Barakzai brothers, as the family of the murdered minister was called, though jealous and disunited, were all resolved to avenge the death of Fatah Khan. They set up different princes of the royal family in opposition to Mahmud; and maintained a long series of civil wars, in the name of phantom monarchs who came like shadows and like shadows departed. At length, Dost Mohammed established himself securely in Kabul; while his brothers, with more or less of independence, were recognised as chiefs in Peshawar, Kandahar, and other principal towns. All sorts of mistakes appear to have been made respecting the government of Afghanistan by the Barakzai brothers. Jacquemont, in his amusing letters, describes his disappointment at not finding a model republic among the Afghans;—Burnes seems to have expected to find such a system as that of the Scottish clans—and Dr. Harlan hesitated whether he should call the administration an oligarchy or an aristocracy. The form of government, however, was simply "a brotherhood,"—which Dost Mohammed anxiously endeavoured to convert into a despotism. Under these circumstances, it was unfortunate that the English should have undertaken the restoration of Shah Shuja. At a title of the cost of that expedition, they could have raised up against Dost Mohammed the discontented members of his own family, and compelled one party or the other to purchase our interference on our own terms.

Mohan Lal devotes about two hundred pages to the explanation of the circumstances which led to the Afghan war,—but adds nothing to the information which has been long before the public. He tells, however, some matters connected with the outbreak and massacre at Cabul, which have been whispered about, but not hitherto published. It must not be concealed that Shah Shuja evinced but little gratitude for his restoration, and wearied the authorities by his jealousies.

"He complained to Sir William Macnaghten against Colonel Dennie, who had taken up his quarters at the palace-yard in the absence of the Shah. He said that it was showing disrespect to his royal dignity by that officer's occupying which has been long before the public. He tells, however, some matters connected with the outbreak and massacre at Cabul, which have been whispered about, but not hitherto published. It must not be concealed that Shah Shuja evinced but little gratitude for his restoration, and wearied the authorities by his jealousies.

"A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan, won the heart of the favourite lady of his neighbour Nazir Ali Mohammed, and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He of course denied ever having seen the lady, on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the King, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hissar, and abused the constable for challenging him, and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the King. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Aekakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer.—A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man on hearing this catastrophe left all his merchandise unsold, and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy. He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the King to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the Envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval came to Sir Alexander and begged him to pacify the Envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband if he will give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quaslabashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkistan, without taking the above mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh."

The personal defence of Sir Alexander Burnes must not be omitted:—

"These instances of gallantry in the gentlemen, with numerous cases of the same nature, were disgraceful and abhorrent to the habits and to the pride of the people whom we ruled; and it was the partiality of Sir Alexander Burnes to his friends in these circumstances which made him obnoxious to dislike, and wounded the feelings of the chiefs, who formerly looked upon him as their old friend and guardian. It was not he who committed himself in any sort of intrigue; but yet it was his duty to restore the ladies to their relations, and not to sacrifice his public name and duty through any private regard to his friends,—who, in return, never contradicted the accusations which were attached to him personally instead of to them. All of those friends knew well that Major Leach, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and those who were subordinate to him, had Kashmirian females in their service, ever since he proceeded on a mission to Kabul, and no just man will deny this, and allow that they were persons to intrigue with the ladies in Kabul. Sir Alexander Burnes, indeed, bitterly suffered, or I may say lost his life, for the faults of others, as far as he appears concerned at all in such intrigues."

There are here intimations of scenes and orgies which were severely stigmatized in some of the Indian newspapers of the day. The Kashmirian harems kept by British officers were not calculated to impress the Afghans with confidence in our moral scruples; but, on the contrary, gave encouragement to the stories circulated about the means taken to recruit them.—Mohan Lal claims for himself the principal share in having saved the lives of the prisoners who fell into the hands of Akbar Khan; and he certainly deserves the merit of having kept open means of communication between them and the English authorities, at great personal risk. The amount of reward which was his due is not a question for our determination.

Our author asserts that if Sir George Pollock had been permitted to remain at Cabul after its recapture, he could have seized Akbar Khan and the other chiefs engaged in the massacre of our countrymen, and made the restoration of Dost Mohammed an act of grace and favour which would have retrieved our character in Central Asia:—

"There were certain chiefs whom we detached from Akbar Khan, pledging our honour and word to reward and protect them; and I could hardly show my face to them at the time of our departure, when they all came full of tears, saying that 'we deceived and punished our friends, causing them to stand against their own countrymen, and then leaving them in the mouths of lions.' As soon as Mohammed Akbar occupied Kabul, he tortured, imprisoned, extorted money from, and disgraced all those who had taken our side. I shall consider it indeed a great miracle and a divine favour if hereafter any trust ever be placed in the word and promise of the authorities of the British government throughout Afghanistan and Turkistan. We thus left the country where the bravest officers and soldiers of our army had been treacherously destroyed, supplying our enemies at the same time with money and the weapons of war! Yet such was called the retrieving of the lost reputation of the British arms."

Dost Mohammed once more reigns at Cabul,—and is said to indulge in the greatest licentiousness and dissipation. His sons are believed to be eager for his death; when they will be able to indulge their mutual jealousies and animosities by engaging in civil wars. The Afghans regard themselves as the conquerors of the English,—because our evacuation of the country had many of the characteristics of a disastrous retreat; and the English honour has been sadly tarnished in the estimation of all the inhabitants of Central Asia.—Mohan Lal asserts that the celebrated diamond the Koh-i-Nur (mountain of light,) with which superstition has associated the dominion of India, is now in the possession of Gholab Singh, recently raised by our favour to the dignity of a sovereign prince. We wish it were possible to compel him to disgorge his plunder,—not so much for the value of the gem as for the importance attached to its possession by all classes of orientals.

HOCHELAGA; OR, ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

[Second Notice.]

That travelling Bachelor must be far more one-sided than the author of 'Hochelaga,' who does not relish the solemn sights of a strange land, as well as its wild sports:—and what can be more solemn than the Taking of the Veil! This is impressively described in our author's seventh chapter;—in which, also, we are led through one of those haunts of pain called madhouses,—a skilful hand and a feeling heart being discernible in the record of the visit. Our rambler, too, was at Quebec during the terrible fires of last spring. But, in preference to his pictures of such painful scenes, we will draw upon his pages for another river journey,—his midsummer voyage to Montreal:—

"We pass Wolfe's Cove, rich in undying memories; beyond it, green slopes, gentle woodlands, and neat country-houses, each recalling to recollection some pleasant ride, or drive, or social evening. On the left, the Chaudiere river, dwindled into a tiny stream under the summer's sun, its rustic bridge, and rocky pine-fringed banks; on the right, Cape Rouge, the end of the bold tableland on which stands the great citadel of the west. Beyond it, stretches out for many miles a rich, flat tract, varied by field and forest; and ever and anon the church and village, and, in the far distance, the bold range of hills which shelter these fair valleys from the iceblast of the north. For one hundred miles up the great river, the scene is the same, monotonous if you will, but monotonous in beauty; the shores all along thickly dotted with the white cottages of the simple habitants. A short distance above Cape Rouge, we met a large raft of white pine, one of the strange sights of the St. Lawrence. It was about three acres of timber, bound together by clamps of wood into a solid; on this were erected five or six wooden houses, the dwellings of the raftmen. The wind was in their favour, and they had raised in front a great number of broad, thin boards, with the flat sides turned to the breeze, so as to form an immense sail. These floating islands are guided by long oars; they drop down with the stream, till they meet the tide, then anchor when it turns, till the ebb again comes to their aid. They have travelled from many hundred miles in the interior; by the banks of the far distant branches of the Ottawa those pines were felled; in the depth of winter the remote forests ring with the woodman's axe; the trees are lopped of their branches, squared, and dragged by horses over the deep snow to the rivers, where, upon the ice, the rafts are formed. When the thaw in the spring opens up the mountain streams, the stout lumberers collect the remains of their winter stock, with their well-worn implements, and on these rafts boldly trust themselves to the swollen waters. They often encounter much danger and hardship; not unfrequently the huge mass goes aground, and the fast-sinking stream leaves the fruit of their winter's labours stranded and useless on the sandy beach. As the evening dropped upon us, the clouds thickened into a close arch of ominous darkness, while a narrow rim of light all round the horizon, threw all above and below into a deeper gloom. Soon a twinkle of distant lightning, and a faint rolling sound, ushered in the storm; then the black mass above split into a thousand fragments, each with a fiery edge; the next moment the dazzled sight was lost in darkness, and the awful thunder

crashed upon the ear, reverberating again and again. Then jagged lines of flames dived through the dense clouds, lighting them for a moment with terrible brilliance, and leaving them gloomier than before. We saw the forked lightning strike a large wooden building, on the bank somewhat ahead of us, stored with hay and straw; immediately afterwards a broad sheet of flames sprung up through the roof, and, before we had passed, only a heap of burning embers was left. In a short time the tortured clouds melted into floods of rain. We pass St. Troie, St. Anne's, Three Rivers, Port St. Francis, and enter Lake St. Peter. These towns improve but little: their population is nearly all the French race; the houses are poor, the neighbouring farms but rudely tilled. The Canadian does not labour to advance himself, but to support life; where he is born there he loves to live, and hopes to lay his bones. His children divide the land, and each must have part bordering the road or river,—so you see many farms half a mile in length, but only a few yards wide. Here in autumn they reap their scanty crops, in winter dance and make merry round their stoves. With the same sort of dress that the first settlers wore, they crowd, each Sunday and saint's day, to the parish church. Few can read or write, or know anything of the world beyond *La belle Canada*; each generation is as simple and backward as the preceding. But, with their gentle courteous manners, their few wants, their blind, trusting, superstitious faith, their lovely country, their sweet old songs, sung by their fathers centuries ago, on the banks of the sunny Loire,—I doubt if the earth contains a happier people than the innocent *habitants* of Canada. Lake St. Peter is but an expansion of the river; the waters are shallow, and the shores flat and monotonous: after twenty five miles, it contracts again, and flows between several wooded islands. We leave Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu river, to the left: this town is made, by English hands, more prosperous than its neighbours. On the same side, thirty miles higher up, is Varennes, a place of much beauty: a hundred years ago people crowded to its mineral springs; now it is but a lonely spot. A fine old church, with two lofty spires, stands in the centre of the village; in the back ground, far away to the south-east, is the holy mountain of Ronville; on the summit, the Pilgrim's Cross is seen for many a mile. Above Montreal, the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence; both streams seem bewildered among the numerous and beautiful islands, and, hurrying past in strong rapids, only find full rest in the broad deep river, fifteen miles below. At eight o'clock in the morning we were beside the wharf at Montreal: it is of great extent—reaching nearly a mile up the river, and very solid, built of handsome cut stone. It is broad and convenient for purposes of commerce; vessels of five hundred tons can discharge their cargoes there. Immediately above the town, the rapids of Lachine forbid further navigation. The city extends along the river nearly two miles, the depth being about one-half the length. The public buildings are calculated for what the place is to be,—at present being perhaps too large and numerous in proportion, though fifty thousand inhabitants dwell around them. The neighbouring quarries furnish abundant materials for the architect; and the new shops and streets are very showy. The French Cathedral is the largest building in the New World: its proportions are faulty, but it is nevertheless a grand mass of masonry; ten thousand people can kneel at the same time in prayer within its walls. The town is well lighted, and kept very clean; full of bustle, life and activity—handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses, of cut stone, are springing up in the suburbs; and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye. Some of the best parts of the town are still deformed by a few old and mean buildings, but as the leases fall in and improvements continue, they will soon disappear. Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and about one third of that breadth. All this district is very fertile; the revenues belong to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, one of the orders of the Church of Rome, and are very ample. The Mont Royal alone varies the level surface of the island."

The great lakes found less favour in our author's sight than the great rivers. He describes "the waters" as "blue, pure, and clear, but they look dead. There was a great calm," he adds, speaking of Ontario,—

"when I was there, and there was no tide; the stillness was oppressive; the leaves of the trees, in some parts of the beach, dipped in the water below, motionless as the air above. The shores are low and flat on this side; the eye wearied as it followed the long even lines in the fair perspective, mingling with those of the surface of the lake; on the other side, the broad expanse lay like polished lead, backed by the cloudless sky."

At Niagara he touched more beaten ground; and of course, there was no "letting" Niagara "off."—But the few broken passages in Mrs. Butler's journal remain unapproached, by the tourists, as suggesting 'notions' for the enlightenment of the untravelled,—With his first volume, our author has done with 'Hochelaga'—and merges at once among the crowd of American tourists. We shall content ourselves with merely one or two insulated passages from the second volume. The first shall describe matters no less august than the seat of Government, and a Presidential audience:—

"I admired the capital at Washington very much. My ignorance of architectural science, I suppose, blinded me to the faults of which it is so freely accused. Two statues by Persico have been lately placed on the left-hand side as you enter—one, of Columbus holding the globe in his hand (the character of his position and face I could not quite understand,) the other, an Indian woman, stooping forward to look up to him, struck me as very beautiful; an expression of vague terror and yet admiration is given to her face with exquisite art. It is said that some ladies do not quite approve of the arrangement or quantity of her draperies. At a little distance from the capital is the gigantic statue of Washington, by Greenhow. The sitting attitude appeared to me stiff and undignified, but the head is the redeeming point. The figure is covered in by a wooden building, to guard it from the weather and from being injured; the latter object has totally and disgustingly failed. Among the minor outrages was the name of 'John H. Brown,' written in large letters on the upper lip, so as to look like moustaches; it must have required some active exertion to get up there for the purpose of putting on this ornament. The interior of the capital is judiciously arranged: both the Hall of the Senate and the House of Representatives are handsome, and of the most convenient form. The entrance hall of the building is circular, of a fine height and proportion; some historical paintings ornament, or disfigure it, according to the taste of the observer. I went to the top of the building; as the thermometer was at ninety-four degrees in the shade, it may be imagined to have been tolerably, or rather intolerably, hot on the roof. The view was splendid; but I was not prepared to suffer so very painful a death as being roasted alive for the sake of seeing more of it; one glance round was all I could afford. I then jolted off to the dock-yard and arsenal; both are on a very small scale, and not remarkable in any way, but for the kindness and courtesy of the officers who are good enough to show them. The post office is a handsome edifice of white marble, and the patent office is well worth seeing, being filled with models of all inventions by Americans; many

of these are very ingenious and useful, others only complicated means of performing the simplest possible operations. The electric telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, soon I understand to be continued to Boston, is very simply and cleverly arranged; the mode of conversation is much more easy and rapid than that in London, which I have since visited, and only one wire of communication is made use of. The public offices are convenient, plain in appearance, and with but little bustle observable in them. There was no public reception during my very short stay, but I had the honour of being presented to the President. At eleven in the forenoon we arrived at the white house, under the shade of our umbrellas; from the intense heat, a fire-king alone could have dispensed with this protection. It is a handsome building, of about the same size and pretensions as the Lord Lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park, in Dublin; but much as I had heard of the republican simplicity of the arrangements, I was not prepared to find it what it was. We entered without ringing at the door; my kind guide, leading the way, passed through the lower premises and ascended the staircase, at the top of which we saw a negro dressed very plainly, in clothes of the same colour as his face. He grinned at us for a moment, and calculating from the respectability of my companion that I did not mean to steal anything, was walking off, till he saw me with a simple confidence, which seemed to him too amiable to be allowed to suffer a betrayal, place my umbrella in a corner before entering the gallery leading to the private apartments: he immediately turned to correct my error, informing me that if I had any further occasion for its service, I had better not leave it there, 'for some one would be sure to walk into it.' I, of course, took his counsel and my property, and proceeded till we arrived at the door of the President's room. My guide knocked, and the voice of the ruler of millions said, 'Come in.' Before obeying this command, I of course left my unfortunate umbrella outside; this done, I walked into the presence and was introduced. At the same moment the watchful negro, the guardian spirit of my endangered property, thrust it into my left hand with another and stronger admonition to my simplicity; but this time his tone of compassion for my ignorance had degenerated into that of almost contempt for my obstinate folly. In the mean time, my right hand was kindly shaken by the President, according to custom; he told me to be seated, and conversed with much urbanity. I, of course, trespassed on his valuable time but for a few minutes, and then departed. He was sitting at a round table covered with papers; another gentleman, I presume a secretary, was seated at a desk near the window, writing. Mr. Polk is a remarkable-looking man; his forehead massive and prominent, his features marked and of good outline. The face was shaved quite close, the hair short, erect, and rather grey. Judging from his dress and general appearance, he might have been either a lawyer or a dissenting minister; his manner and mode of expression was not incongruous with his appearance."

The next extract shall display a wilder scene than Washington, and a somewhat more original master-spirit thereof than Mr. Polk:—

"In one of my Transatlantic voyages in the steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eye never met yours, but watched as you turned away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthy over by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort. This strange being was educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the European languages were equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. When still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there, the restraints of the law were too severe; so he went away to the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no Lord but the Lord on High. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money and influence enough to collect a few Indians and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time, his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men, hunters, Canadian voyagers, and Indians, well armed with rifles, with many mules and waggons laden with the handwork of the older States. He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri River. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a-day through the 'Bush' and over the Prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew enemies were all round. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time, they ranged their waggons round, and used them as rests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians. Once they were suddenly surrounded by a more than usually numerous and determined body, all well mounted; there was no time to form their accustomed defence; so each man fell on his face; the bowie knife, stuck in the ground, gave him in its handle a rest for his aim, and the hunter of the Prairie seldom shoots in vain; when he fired he turned on his back to reload, thus always exposing the smallest possible surface to the unskilful eye of the Blackfoot marksman. Many of the assailants were slain, and the survivors attacked openly no more. These travellers carried no tents, sought no shelter; wrapped in their blankets, they braved the wind, dew, and rain; their rifles gave them abundance of buffalo, deer, and mountain sheep; and they sometimes had the luxury of wild potatoes, roots and nuts. They did not burthen themselves by taking with them spirits, salt, flour, food, or luxuries of any kind; for their horses there were rich and plentiful grasses. Sometimes, but that very rarely happened, they ate their beasts of burden, when the chase had been for a long period unsuccessful; fuel was not always to be had, and then they were fain to devour their meat raw. There is one great salt prairie, where some white men lost their way, fainted, and died of thirst. Occasionally these adventurers had lack of water; but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course by the compass through the wilderness. Besides the Blackfeet, they had fierce but seldom unprovoked enemies in the huge grizzly bears. Some of

the hunters were dainty in their food and liked the flesh of this monster, and they were very vain of his spoils, the rich fur and the terrible claws: he can run very fast, and may be struck by many a bullet before he drops and yields; he knows no fear and never declines the combat when offered; if he once gets within reach to grasp, the hunter must perish; but, somehow, these white men, weak in body, strong in mind, in the end crush alike the stalwart and active Indian, and the fierce grizzly bear. For five hundred miles more, their way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still steered for the north-west, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbia River. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here, and further on, they traded and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization."

Skipping a dry couple of pages of useful knowledge concerning the Oregon Territory,—we will travel a little further in company with the adventurer:—

Among the followers of the German was a French Canadian, who had been several times over the Rocky Mountains: he was of daring courage, capable of enduring great hardship, and one of his most valuable hunters. This man wandered one day from their encampment into the neighbouring town of Casa Colorado, in Santa Fe, where there are about two thousand inhabitants: being at the time unarmed, he was insulted and beaten by the people, and could make no resistance. When he escaped from their hands, he hastened to his tent, seized a rifle and ammunition, and returned to the town, to the dwelling of his principal assailant. The Mexican saw him coming, and bolted his doors. The Canadian ran round the house, firing in at the windows, vowing vengeance against the unhappy inmate. The people of the town fled terrified, in all directions, barricading themselves in their houses, till some of the other travellers came and removed the enraged Canadian. Some time after this, at Chihuahua, he was killed in a drunken scuffle with one of his companions! their leader, who happened to be absent for a few days, learning on his return the disaster that had taken place, gave the slayer a horse and some money to assist his escape, and heard no more of him. Meanwhile the priest of Chihuahua had gone to the encampment, and buried the Canadian with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, sending in a bill of four pounds to the German for the burial expenses of his follower, and prayers for his soul: this he refused to pay as he had not ordered them, nor did he think them very useful for the journey either of the departed spirit, or, what he considered much more important, that of his company. He was summoned before the Alcalde, where he found the priest ready to substantiate his claim by the oaths of two witnesses, who swore that the German had, in their presence, ordered all the services for which payment was claimed. As it was an object to keep on good terms with the inhabitants, the money was paid. The adventurer, however, upbraided the priest for unfair play; not for suborning the witnesses, for that was a matter of course, but for not giving notice of it in time to give him an opportunity of getting three other witnesses, for three dollars, to swear the contrary. The priest and the Alcalde, lavishing applied all their energies to getting these dollars, had none to throw away on the pursuit of the murderer; so they did not trouble themselves any more about him. The burning of the Prairies is one of the dangers and hardships to which these traders are exposed. In the autumn the tall rich grasses dry up and wither; the slightest spark of fire suffices to set them alight, and then, whichever way the wind may carry it, the flame only ends with the mountain, the lake, or the river. The heat is but for a few moments, as the blaze sweeps by, but it leaves no living thing behind it, and the smoke is dense and acrid. When the fire approaches no man mounts his horse and trusts to its speed; that would be vain; but they fire the Prairie to leeward, and follow the course of the burning, till enough desolation lies between them and their ravenous pursuer to starve it into tameness. The German once found the blackened track of the fire for nine hundred miles, and could only obtain scanty grazing for his cattle by the borders of the lakes and rivers on his route. In the year 1844 he was delayed much beyond his usual time in collecting mules sufficient for his expedition, and could not start for Santa Fe till the middle of September. There is a low, hollow country, many miles in extent, about fifty days' journey on their road; it is covered with gravel, sand, and stone; there is no hill, rock, or shelter of any kind; it supports no animal or vegetable life, for a strong withering wind sweeps over it, summer and winter. The adventurers have named this hideous place—probably from the wind—the Simoom. Great caution is always taken to pass it before the winter begins; this year they were late, and the rigour of the season set in very early; and, when they were well advanced into the danger, a thick snow-storm fell. There was no track; the cattle moved painfully; they were without fuel, and the stock of forage was soon exhausted. Many animals dropped by the way; and, in one night, a hundred and sixty mules died from cold, weariness, and hunger. Then the hunters, who had faced many great dangers and hardships before, became appalled; for the snow still fell heavily, and the way was far and dark before them. The next morning they consulted together, and agreed to abandon the convoy and hasten back to save their lives. An old hunter, who had served long and faithfully, and was known to be much esteemed by their leader, was chosen to state this determination to him. The delegate came forward, and, in a quiet but determined way, declared the mutiny. As he spoke, the German shot him dead: the rest returned to their duty. Leaving orders to his company to remain where they were, the leader, escorted by two Indians, rode back to the settlements; they had but little food with them; the journey was seven hundred miles, and they had to cross many rapid, swollen streams, but he arrived safely, procured supplies, returned to his people, and, after a prosperous expedition, they all came back in safety. His narrative of these events was as free from bravado as it was from the expression of human feeling or remorse. The adventurer, being now wealthy, went to Europe, with the intention of settling, or at least of spending some time with his friends in Germany. He remained in London for a month, where he met some connexions who treated him with kindness. But the bonds of society proved intolerable to him; he gave up his plan of going home, and once again turned to seek the wild but fascinating life of the Prairie. This strange man was thoroughly well informed on all the political and social conditions of the nations of the earth, in their poetry, philosophy, and even their novels. He had read and thought much: with an anxious effort to overcome this love of savage life, he felt deeply the evil of yielding to its influence, but succumbed. By this time, he is again in the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, or chasing the buffalo on the Prairies of the West."

Here we must end our notices of 'Hochelaga.' Enough has been given to warrant the book as a piece of fresh, lively, and instructive midsummer reading.

HAMPTON COURT, PAST AND PRESENT.

No one now thinks about the antiquity of Hampton Court, which seems to have been the creation of Wolsey, who, as we ordinarily suppose, fixed upon its

flat locality for the site of a palace. As we look at the garden front, more French than English, of heavy grandeur, and with a sort of vulgar importance about it, we little dream that this was once—not yesterday, certainly, but in the twelfth century—a receptory, in which resided a sister of the order of St. John. She was removed to some other spot, and the consecrated ground on which she had been planted was bestowed upon the Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a manor or a mansion here.

I have sometimes wondered what reasons induced Wolsey to turn his eyes towards this manor with greedy look, or to choose this site for his kingly designs; for the land about it is a dead flat, and there are many more beautiful spots on the river-side; but then, be it remembered, he got it for nothing. For when, in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., the Cardinal obtained a lease of the manor of Hampton from the priors of St. John, it is more than probable that he designed the suppression of the monasteries, or foresaw, by his shrewd and penetrating mind, that the spirit of the nation would doom them to destruction. There were, besides, great advantages in the acquisition, comprising as it did many other manors, Walton-on-Thames, Walton Leigh, Bydette, Esher, Otlands, and half a score more. On the suppression of the knights, the fee of the manor of Hampton was retained by the crown, and this, the gift originally of the Lady Joan Gray to the Hospitallers, has since remained annexed to the crown. The estate, thus secured to the English public by a sort of rapine, had increased marvellously in value since the records termed *Doomsday* had been enrolled; then it only answered to thirty-five hides, and paid the modest tribute of three shillings annually for the privilege of fishing and laying nets in the river.

One fancy that I have respecting the motives of Wolsey in choosing to erect his palace on the site of the Knights Hospitallers, may produce a smile. None better knew the value of birth than this low-born man: now this ancient brotherhood could only be entered by such as could produce undeniable testimonies of a noble origin; four proofs were required, the testimonial, the literal, the local, and the secret. The English knights were a sort of offset or supplement to the grand institution at Malta. It is possible that a sense of fitness, a mixture of reverence for rank, and fondness for the half-military, half religious character of these knights, may have rendered the manor of Hampton a suitable place in Wolsey's eyes for his own grandeur and for the reception of kings.

The persecuted knights, as their historian Boisguésin tells us, fled to Malta, where they were kindly received and consoled; and the workmen of Wolsey, himself the architect, were soon seen where the long robes of the knights decorated with the Maltese Cross, and the emblems of some of the best families in England, had dwelt in honour.

The place lay conveniently for the Cardinal's access, when, during the short time of his holding the bishopric of Winchester, Esher Place was his residence; and thence he might have ridden any fine morning to Hampton, passing through his own manors of Moulsey, and being ferried in one of his barges across, for no bridge was erected until many years afterwards. And then were completed those five courts, of which two, intended as offices to others, alone remain. Tudor despotism, succeeded by Guelphic taste, have marred the grandest plan that ever was contemplated in this country. The first court is perfect, with a good deal of the college air in it; the second, alas! is disgraced by a column of Ionic pillars, the design of the infatuated Wren, one of the many men ruined by a madness for the classical.

Leaving architectural discussions to other hands, and merely remarking with an unspeakable bitterness of feeling, that Hampton Court was in Queen Elizabeth's time pronounced by Heutzner to have been as noble and uniform a pile, as any Gothic architecture can have made it; let us think of it as the scene of unprecedented ecclesiastical and political power: the last specimen of that household magnificence which priesthood could compass when conjoined with civil dignity.

Conceive the palace to have consisted of those five courts, three of which afterwards fell into decay; suppose them to have been constructed all of that fine red brick, of which the remaining ones are still composed; fancy the present courts as in the character of handmaidens to the others, which reached to the tennis-court; comprehend that these courts contained one thousand five hundred chambers, were provided with two hundred and eighty silk beds for visitors of superior rank, and were furnished with one thousand retainers, and you will have some notion how the Cardinal lived in the zenith of his power. Then look at the old chimneys, and view their solidity and size; peep up the immense fire-places in the offices; in each of these an ox might be roasted whole. Enter the front hall, and picture to yourself its three boards, with three different officers; its steward, who was a priest; its treasurer, a knight; its comptroller, who was an esquire. Then, to provide against the sins and excesses of the banquet, there was a confessor and a doctor, besides marshals and ushers of the hall to keep the peace, and almoners to dole out the broken fragments of the feast to mendicants at the door. Go then into the kitchens, into which none of the retainers were allowed to enter, and see the master-cook walking about in velvet or satin, wearing a gold chain; count, if you can, all the yeomen, and grooms, and clerks, and assistants, yeomen of the stirrup, farriers, and maltsters, each keeping four horses. But this is vulgar state compared with the personal dignity, and exquisiteness of the great lord of the whole, with his nine or ten lords, the flower of the nation. They, with their two or three servants; then his chief chamberlain, and his gentlemen-ushers, his gentlemen-waiters, his gentlemen-cupbearers, all men of degree, and I will engage, handsome too, for the cardinal understood stage effect; then his twelve doctors and chaplains, his clerk of the closet, his secretaries, his two clerks of the signet, and four counsellors learned in the law. Suppose them even on ordinary occasions crossing those stately courts, and wonder, if you may, at the jealousy of Henry the Eighth.

I say little of Wolsey's riding-clerk, or of his fourteen footmen, garished with rich riding coats; his herald-at-arms; his four minstrels; though one can see him in imagination riding forth from the gateway of his palace upon his mule, his "short lusty figure," as some one has ill-naturedly described him, borrowing from the majesty of his intellect its sole grace; and we can follow him in thought towards Esher Place, his retreat, his cottage, as it were, to recruit the spirits all on the stretch at Hampton Court; or journeying in sober pace to London avoiding the important town of Kingston—so much was his reason bowed down before the superstitions of his time—and the man who planned Hampton Court and Christ Church turned pale at the mention of a prediction that Kingston was a fatal name to him, and fatal it was. Yet the weakness does him no harm in our affections, whilst it betrays and challenges our pity the while, the inward sense of insecurity, the perturbed mind which fixed itself on shadows, the mournful conviction that life "was but a stage."

Nor were the pleasures of the field wanting to give relief to the enervating luxury of the palace. Becoming immensely corpulent, Henry, unable longer to hunt in the forest, passed and act of parliament (it is no use expressing it

any other way, *he was* the parliament) for making a royal chase at Hampton Court; quietly seizing several parishes on the other side of the Thames, stocking them with deer, and impaling the whole; and although, in the time of his son, this usurpation was partly set aside, the crown has still a right to all the game in those parishes, and the chase, lessened in its extent, exists still: Long Ditton and the neighbourhood of Kingston included. Wolsey, like other churchmen, whether he hunted himself or not, encouraged the chase, as did Cranmer, who was called the "rough rider;" and, accordingly, when the French ambassadors came to Hampton Court, the festivities there were prefaced by a hunt; and the French ambassadors, after being regaled by the mayor of London "with wines, sugars, beaves, mutton, capons, and wild fowle," as Cavendish certifies, did remove to Hampton Court, there to be entertained with unprecedented splendour, the fame of which was yet the theme of foreign courts when Wolsey was on his death-bed.

Meantime there had been such a preparation at the palace for the reception of these foreigners as had never been known before, nor after the dynasty of the Tudors was run out, was ever again known in England; and Wolsey had the good fortune of possessing among his gentlemen-ushers one capable from his acquirements of chronicling the whole, and certain, from his affection to his master, to colour his narrative with favourable tints. Such was Sir William Cavendish, whose pains, according to his own account, "were not small nor light," but who was daily travelling up and down from chamber to chamber; for the principal officers of the household had been commanded "neither to spare for any cost, expense, or travalye, to make such a triumphant banquet as they might not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report of it in their own country, to the great honour of the king and his realm." Sagacious and crafty cardinal!

And a banquet, such as nations might marvel at it was. And the Frenchmen were, says Cavendish, as it seemed, "rapt in a heavenly paradise;" and then to see the great Wolsey in the midst of all this magnificence, calling for a chair, and sitting down in the centre of all this paradise, laughing heartily, gave to the scene that without which all such gorgeous displays must be cold and joyless—the spirit of joyous hospitality. But, alas! already the canker was in the rose; and all this pomp and state, too mighty for a subject, hastened the events that followed; and after this, observes the gentleman-usher, "began new matters which troubled the heads and imaginations of all the court;" and the smothered fire of Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn flamed out, and finally consumed the cardinal.

With the fall of the cardinal began the decline of Hampton Court; not that the long neglect which has been the disgrace of modern times was then apparent, but the importance of the place decayed away. The first symptom of royal jealousy had been appeased by the present from Wolsey of this place, with all its appurtenances, to the king—a sacrifice which was repaid by the gracious permission for him "to lie in his palace at Richmond at certain times." Upon the final ruin of the cardinal, Henry chose to assume to himself the distinction of having erected Hampton Court; and when in 1540, an act was passed for creating the honour of Hampton Court, the preamble stated, that "it had pleased the king to erect, build, and make a goodly sumptuous, beautiful, and princely manor, decent and convenient for a king," on this spot. Destined, it is true, for a time, to receive, but only in his decline, the king, under its roof, the palace became henceforth the scene of royal accouchements, the nursery and school-house of young princes. Ere yet its now annihilated courts began to totter to their fall, Edward VI. first saw the light in its chambers; and in one of them his young mother expired in her anguish. A gloom hung over the pile, now only tenanted at times by its royal owners, the spirit of Wolsey seemed to hover in vengeance over it; for the next scene enacted here was the appearance of Catherine Howard as queen. Undismayed by the fate which seemed to hang over all that was here performed, Henry gave his hand to Katharine Parr in the chapel of Hampton Court, and kept the Christmas ensuing, that of 1543, here; but the hall which had witnessed the splendour of Wolsey was but dimly lighted up with the festivities of that heartless and politic marriage. Yet one incident of romance gives a lingering interest to that very hall. On one of the panes of that window situated on one side of the dais, at the upper end of the hall, and beneath a ceiling of beautiful workmanship, Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, loitering among the courtiers, wrote some lines with a diamond, on the fair Geraldine, which first aroused the suspicions of Henry, and directed them to the Earl—another sad incident which seemed to turn all in that house to melancholy.

The next sombre visitants were Philip and Mary, who were not of a temper to kindle new merriment in the silent chambers of the often-deserted palace. But in the succeeding reign, Hampton Court was again the scene of good cheer and gay hearts. A play, said, I know not on what authority, to have been Henry VIII.'s, was acted before her majesty, and Shakspeare is stated to have been one of the actors in it; and the hall in the day-time rang with the game of tables, and resounded to the laughter of courtiers, while the withdrawing-room, into which you enter by a door upon the dais, and which delighted Sir Walter Scott by the perfection of its proportions and the richness of its ceiling, and provoked the thought of an imitative chamber at Abbotsford, decorated with pendent ornaments, the cognizances of the Tudors, received the manly dignity of the queen, here troubled by rumours of conspiracies, contrived, as it was the fashion to surmise, by Mary of Scotland.

Her Christmasings were closed in death, and the next time that the walls of Wolsey's palace echoed to a royal voice it was to that of James I., as with a wisdom which, as Archbishop Whitgift protested, proceeded from the special assistance of God's Spirit, he acted as moderator to the conference between Presbyterians and the members of the English hierarchy.

This celebrated meeting was held within the withdrawing-room of the privy-chamber, with all the lords of the privy-council assisting. And then James, in his capacious garments, his quilted stiletto-proof doublets, and his plaid breeches, thus delivered his opinion, whilst his rolling eye fixed itself, without any regard to the shame of those thus gazed upon, on any stranger:—

"If you aim at a Scottish presbytery it agrees as well with monarchy," lisped the monarch, "as God and the devil. Then Jack and Will, &c., and Dick, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council. Therefore I reiterate my former speech, '*Le roi s'avisera.*' Stay, I pray, for seven years before you demand, and then, if you find me grow puffy and fat, I may, perchance, hearken to you, for that government will keep me in breath and find me work enough."

Even whilst James thus exposed himself to derision, there was formed in the seclusion of those very chambers a mind singularly refined for the period, and there expanded a heart which inherited only the weaknesses, and not the vices, of the king. A weakly and even almost deformed child, the park of Hampton was the accustomed haunt of the ill-fated Charles I., and he was left so long in the seclusion of the place which served successively as his nursery, the scene

of his honeymoon, and his prison. There is an elm near the stud-house in the park which still bears the name of King Charles's swing. One can picture to one's self the delicate yet princely boy hunting in the chase, for his exercises, as Sir Philip Warwick affirms, "were manly, and he rid the great horse very well, and on the little saddle he was not only adroit, but a laborious hunter or fieldman."

Yet still Charles seems not to have been fond of the palace, and only to have taken refuge in it in after years either for the privacy of his honeymoon, or when driven to it, as in 1625, by the plague, when he gave audience here to foreign ambassadors. Amid its dreary and mouldering courts he was afterwards immured, taunted with the semblance of respect, and attended by the parliament commissioners, yet ever and anon terrified by receiving little anonymous billets, which advertised him of wicked designs on his life; one of them, the intimation of the Hampton Court conspiracy, "together with the horrid resolution of one George Greenland, corporal, who, in the space of three days, did undertake to murder his majesty at Hampton Court."

"More than king-catching herein you may spy,
King-killing Hampton Court's conspiracy."

But, as Cromwell wrote to his confidant Hammond, "My dear friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat;" the king was reserved for a less miserable fate than that of private assassination.

During Charles's imprisonment at Hampton Court it again assumed the appearance of a court, having been previously prepared for his reception by the yeomen of the wardrobe. His chaplains were here to do their duty, the nobility had access to him, and what he more valued, he was permitted at times to visit his children, who were in the custody of Lord Northumberland at Sion House. Distrusting, as well he might, this semblance of kindness, Charles formed a resolution to escape, and effected it with so little difficulty as to have given the impression that Cromwell connived at the scheme. One evening—it was his practice before prayers to be alone for a time—he was longer than usual in his devotions. At first there were no suspicions; which were, however, awakened by the repeated crying of a greyhound. Then it was found that the king was gone. He had escaped by a part of the gardens called Paradise, and had slipped away in the twilight. His attendant Ashburnham, who had resided during the king's stay at Ditton, was then sent for, when it was found that he had made off some days before, and that all his household stuff had been sold. Some say the king reached Bagshot that very night, having given £20 for a guide. The rooms from which the king escaped are situated near the chapel, where often his devotions were proffered on bended knees.

The palace was now long empty, and narrowly escaped being sold by the parliamentary commissioners. Cromwell, however, looked upon it as a convenient residence; it was stayed from sale in 1653; and the Protector built the Toy Inn for his Roundhead soldiers, and put up the wretched cavalry barracks in the palace-yard for his body-guard. And then the great man of the day took up his abode in Wolsey's fabric—how would the spirit of the cardinal have chafed had it been conscious of such presence! and here were to be heard in public, admonitions to "war with fleshy reasonings," to "wait for the redemption," and all that traffic with religious matters that hypocrisy has need of. Here was Elizabeth Cromwell publicly married to the Lord Falconberg. But all was not triumph; Conscience, pointed by the voice of a favourite daughter, haunted the man who began a career upon a small stock of principle, but was made a villain by success. In the chambers of the old palace expired Mrs. Clayton, who in her delirium taxed her father with his crimes; here his powerful mind, impressed by a prediction that when his dog had died in a certain room, once inhabited by Charles, that his own glory should depart from him, Cromwell's last illness commenced.

General Monk, after the Restoration, received a present of Hampton Court; but accepted a sum of money, and gave it back to the crown. And another honeymoon, rather different to the love-passages which must have taken place between Charles and Henrietta, was soon enacted here, and where the tendril-like curls of that lovely and loved one had shaken in the breeze, a train of Portuguese ladies, in their monstrous fardings, or *guardie infantes*, their complexions "olivador and sufficiently unagreeable" (according to Evelyn), paraded their clumsy forms. Such was the retinue of Katharine of Braganza, who had been married, about a week before, to Charles II. And here came the king, and probably Lady Castlemaine. And hither was brought the famous bed, an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, a present from the States of Holland to the king, costing £8000. And the royal chamber was enriched, too, by a great looking glass and toilet of beaten gold, a gift of Henrietta Maria. Cabinets, brought from Portugal, enriched the hall, which was then in daily use, and the whole palace was nobly furnished. The park was at this time planted with limes in rows, and the canal was completed, and syrens and statues, cast in copper by Fanelli, were scattered about the gardens. There was a fountain, yet, observes Evelyn, "no plenty of water." This deficiency of springs and the hardness of all water not carried from the river is, indeed, one evil of that neighbourhood. Wolsey, at a vast expense by conduits built on the high grounds of Combe Warren, on the opposite side of the river, had the water in his time conveyed to Hampton Court in leaden pipes, each of them weighing twenty-six pounds; and he procured also an additional supply from a branch of the river Colne at ten miles' distance. Why he did not avail himself of the Thames is by no means manifest.

The gardens were however, very confined, yet many a revel was held in them during the gay rule of Charles II. and the *parterre*, which they called Paradise, whence his father escaped, and a banqueting-house set over a cave, or cellar, were the scenes of many a carousal which distanced Wolsey's entertainments, if not in splendour, yet in the license permitted to the guests.

All was over; the butterflies of Charles's court were smashed in an hour, and James, ill-treating his young, high-minded, and loving wife, brought his court to the palace, and there received the pope's nuncio. Brief and joyless was his career, and many, perhaps, thought nothing could be gloomier than his reign. They were mistaken. William came. He came and saw. Was it the dead flat of the palace gardens that recalled his beloved Holland and attracted him? Or was it the sombre grandeur of its courts, or the seclusion from subjects whom he loved not, or courtiers whom he despised? Kensington was ever too cheerful for him. Unhappily for Hampton Court, Queen Mary had pretensions to a taste. This was a national misfortune. She cast her eyes upon the palace, and observing how pleasantly it was situated, proposed improvements. But the work of demolition was first necessary, and in 1690 the principal part of the old fabric facing the Home Park was taken down; the rest, those two fine courts which remain, were only spared for convenience until the whole should be completed on the plan approved by the queen. Sir Christopher Wren, who was appointed after the great fire of London surveyor-general of the works, sent in his "plans, elevations, and sections of two new royal apartments at Hamp-

ton Court, being a part only of the surveyor's design for a new palace there; the word apartments being used in the French sense, and meaning a distinct suite of rooms.

As the great design of Wolsey mutilated, sank brick by brick to the earth, so the impertinent construction by Wren arose. He had not spent the early part of his architectural life in Paris to no purpose, and it was natural to him to accommodate the foreign tastes of his employers. Queen Mary's judgment was pronounced by the flatterers of the day to be exquisite, and she loved to discourse with the knight upon architecture, mathematics, and literature, of the useful kind; for her head was as manly as her heart, and she possessed in perfection those acquirements which make the woman, sometimes to the cost of others, a reasoning, disagreeable being.

The third great quadrangle chiefly comprises the buildings by Wren. The south and east sides of this court were entirely taken down, and the present state rooms were erected. The west and north sides—comprising a room of communication 109 feet in length, and the queen's guard-room and presence-chamber—retain marks of the ancient structure; but a new facade was given to the whole. In four years, just before the death of Queen Mary, the two "apartments," as they were called, were completed: that fronting the Home Park being the queen's; whilst the king's apartment, fronting the Privy Garden, overlooked the Thames. To form an access to this, Wren erected a portico of ninety feet long, consisting of a colonnade of Ionic pillars, which rose amid the embattled parapets of Wolsey's structure. Similar enormity was contemplated by Kent, who proposed extending a twin colonnade along the opposite side of the court; but he was prevented by Sir Robert Walpole. The apartments, when completed, were highly approved of by King William, who was heard, writes the grandson of Sir Christopher Wren in the *Parentalia*, "once particularly, in the hearing of some noble persons of the first quality in England, to say, that these two apartments, for good proportion, state, and convenience jointly, were not to be paralleled by any palace in Europe." "And," observes the editor of Camden's *Britannia*, "the additions made to it by King William and Queen Mary do so far excel what it was before, that they evidently shew what vast advancements architecture has received since that time."

The mathematical mind of the queen and the congenial precision of the king were exhibited in the fashioning of the garden. Lawns were soon shaped out, intersected with broad gravel-walks, and yews were planted at set distances. Loudon and Wise, the royal gardeners, have the merit or de-merit of the design, hallowed by King William's approval. To him, to borrow from a modern poet, was

"All the world a drill;"

and Nature's scenes served little other purposes than to be cut up into trenches, or made serviceable to war or state. The chief walk was decorated with statues and vases, and one of the vases was executed by Caius Gabriel Cibber, in competition with a foreigner who executed the other: these have been mercilessly removed to Windsor. To complete the history of Wren's share in Hampton Court, it must be first mentioned that he built the ranger's house, called the Pavilion, near the river; and then, covered, in his own day, with glory, which, on many accounts, will ever exalt his name, he fixed himself in a house on the green of Hampton Court, and there resided till his death.

We can easily conceive the worse than gloom in which the palace was enveloped during the reign of William, for dull state is a thousand times worse than desolation. Nor could the courtly scene be much enlivened by the heavy, domestic virtues of Queen Anne, who was here confined, giving birth to her short-lived son, the Duke of Gloucester. It is one proof of the melancholy of William's reign, that there have been no court chroniclers, not only no Pepyses and Evelyns, but no lady-gossips and letter-writers; no Lady Mary Wortleves, nor Mrs. Montagues. All was dry theology or gloomy politics in the king's apartments, or grave disputations or heavy tapestry-work in the queen's.

Their day was over; and the walks of Hampton Court gardens were gladdened with other sights than King William leaning on his favourite Bentinck, or opening his heart, which had much of the hero in it, to Keppel. Pope was now seen, his small, deformed person resting on one of the seats, coquetting for hours with the court ladies; and here Lord Petre cut off the lock of Arabella Fermion's hair,—here, therefore, originated that exquisite poem, written in a fortnight, and published at first in *Lintot's Miscellany*, the "Rape of the Lock."

Anne occasionally resided at the palace; after her reign, it relapsed again into its character of a royal nursery. Hence the great number of juvenile and infantile portraits in the apartments,—the royal babies, from Henry VIII. downwards to the last fair daughter of George III. It is remarkable that there is at present no portrait there of our present queen.

A promise of vulgar gaiety was apparent in the time of George I., who caused the great hall to be made into a theatre; and the stage was retained in the scene of Wolsey's triumphs until the year 1790. The last royal personage who dwelt in the apartments was one, the most popular of his family, Frederic Prince of Wales. He left behind him, in numerous pictures, memorials of his residence at the palace. And in the park are still to be traced some lines of fortifications, drawn out for the military instruction of the incipient "butcher" of the year '45, William Duke of Cumberland.

With the untimely death of Frederic ended all the dignity of Hampton Court, which was soon, with more good nature than good taste, lent out—I know no other phrase—to the impoverished branches of noble families, to titled widows or honourable spinsters, or half-pay naval or military officers. The palace was soon engrossed not only by themselves, but by their furniture and papers. Possession made them presumptuous: one after another the apartments were closed to the public, and occupied by Lady Marys and their paroquets. Wolsey's hall, alas! resounded no longer with the pipe and tabor sounding for the corantoe, nor with the dulcimer wailing out the notes to the pavone. Cob-webs were aloft in the noble roof, beneath were my Lady Sarah's boxes. In process of time it seemed to be forgotten that there was a hall, or had ever been a hall: when all the boxes were at last unkenelled, the existence of one was treated as a discovery—a national surprise. It required, indeed, almost a fortune to see Hampton Court in those days of iniquity. The few rooms that were shewn were thronged by a hot crew, who had each to pay some toll to a vigar of a house-maiden at each several door. "Pay a shilling here, sir!" sounded like a knell in one's ears. I knew one gentleman—naval, probably, and Irish, of course, with a tinge of Scottish blood in his veins—who, incensed at last, refused to pay tribute. A violent altercation ensued, and he was not allowed to pass, but shut up for some hours, until the lady housemaid thought better of it, in a chamber, King William staring at him all the while, and Queen Mary, cold as ice, freezing him with her gaze. At length, after various obstacles, public and private,—after bringing Mr. Hume himself from town several times to order Lady Mary or Lady Sarah's boxes moved out of this room (for after the legisla-

ture had interfered the denizens of the palace proved contumacious), the palace was opened gratis in a royal way to an anxious, palace-loving public. I remember, when young, considering that to see Hampton Court was an event only to happen once in one's life; now fancy walking in any day, and going there too, if you liked, with no money in your pocket,—only, perhaps, if you chose to be liberal, giving a poor, civil police a sixpence for an excellent little guide-book! It is like a vision; and Mr. Hume, the chief promoter, deserves any thing but a monument (for I hate monuments) for it.

After the main part of the work was accomplished, there was still Wolsey's hall to open and to clear. Now the hall is an excellent receptacle for old china, worm eaten books, or title papers, table linen, family pictures—it would even accommodate guinea-pigs and silk-worms. I will not venture to declare what was in it, nor have we any right to inquire; but this I know, that it took many visits from Mr. Hume to excavate—for I fancy that might be an appropriate word—box from beneath box, and to insist upon some high-born denizen of the great almshouse carrying it elsewhere.

It is opened, and now, even with all its grave defects, it is a regal sight. One only feature disfigured it till lately. The interior was, until about eighteen months ago, guarded by policemen, who played with great propriety the same role as the house maidens of old. They were efficient, but certainly did not look very like the servants of a palace. The queen, on visiting Hampton Court, was shocked beyond measure at their blue-and-white, privy-council-like costume; and commanded that, without delay, they should wear the undress royal livery, and so they now do. It is vexatious to reflect, that by the injudicious though well-meant opening of the palace on Sundays, this body of fine, and, as it seems to me, well-conducted men are kept away from divine service by this arrangement.

I have omitted to remark that once, and once only, Hampton Court was appropriated as the retreat of a prince, driven by circumstances from his dominions. This was in 1795, when the Prince of Orange sought an asylum in England, and found it in this palace. And might not that appropriation serve as a hint for future times? Europe may not always go on peaceably, and to what purpose can the fabric, alternately the court and the prison, be better applied than as the suitable domicile of royal or illustrious personages, when in unmerited distress!

MY FIRST LOVE, AND LAST DUEL.

FIRST EPISODE.

How brief doth the longest period seem upon which we look back. Hours of happiness and days of wretchedness, as really evanescent as are our recollections of them, like shadows of the departed, come and go with the misty indistinctness of a fevered dream; and yet, what vigorous efforts doth the mind make to recal the scenes of the past! How doth it gloat upon the remembrance of a former enjoyment, or shrink appalled from the visionary spectre of a danger once bravely encountered and successfully overcome!

It hath been justly said that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and I am fully persuaded that were the life and experience of any one individual, casually selected from the great mass of humanity, to be faithfully narrated, a chain of facts, so linked together by astounding events and extraordinary incidents, might be produced, as would indubitably crush, by the weight of their veracity, all the imaginative horrors and laboured denouements, ever manufactured by the most clever romancist.

There is a freshness—if I may be allowed the expression—about the simplest autobiography, that invests it with a peculiar interest; we follow the narrator, step by step, through the intricacies of this work-a-day world: partake of his pleasures, sympathize with his sorrows, and are even lenient to his errors, if he have the moral courage to avow them. His hopes and fears infuse themselves, as it were, into our very being, for our convictions tell us that we are likewise subject to the alternate influence of the same feelings. Independently of which, it serves as a chart to point out the shoals and quicksands that beset the current of life, and he who may have discovered, in time to avoid, one hidden rock upon which human happiness might be wrecked, is bound to place the knowledge at the disposal of his fellow-creatures.

It is, therefore, with such views in perspective, that I have been induced to select from my reminiscences of an active and chequered existence of upwards of half-a-century, two distinct episodes of no apparent connexion, but which were destined subsequently, by a singular and invisible agency, almost to justify a belief in fatalism.

Of my birth and parentage little need be said, since it has no reference to the subject-matter of my present narrative; suffice it, therefore, to state that it was of ancient and distinguished origin, though, as regarded my immediate progenitor, of limited fortune, my father being a younger son. He had, however, embraced the honourable profession of arms at an early age, and attained the rank of Major of Cavalry, the pay of which together with the interest of £10,000, that devolved upon him at the demise of my grandfather, enabled him fully to maintain his position in society. My own predilections—I was his eldest son—tending likewise towards a military life, I was, at the usual age, and through the interest of the late Earl of H—r—t, admitted a Gentleman Cadet of the Royal Military College, Great Marlow, Bucks, whence, having remained the allotted period of three years, I was removed at the commencement of 1809, and my name noted at the Horse Guards for an Ensigny.

The great topic of conversation in military circles, at that time, was the recent extraordinary and impolitic Convention of Cintra, and justly condemnatory of the conduct of the then existing Ministry, in the hitherto unheard-of rapid supersession of Commanders-in-Chief, so lamentably exemplified at the battle of Vimeiro, and to which the disgraceful treaty alluded to owed its enactment. As out of evil, however, sometimes springeth good—so, in the present instance, was the adage fully verified, to the permanent glory of the British arms, by the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the sole command of the forces in Portugal, and whose bright career, from the first occupation of Oporto, [Sir Arthur landed at Lisbon, on the 22nd April, 1809.]—like a flaming comet, extinguishing all lesser lights—proceeded onwards, gathering new laurels, until he perfected his victorious wreath at the very gates of Paris!

As the great object of my family was to secure me a commission in a regiment destined to act under the orders of the new Commander, and there being a possibility, by awaiting the regular routine of appointment, that I might be attached to one not forming a portion of the troops intended for the Peninsula, it was deemed advisable that I should proceed thither in the capacity of a Volunteer. I was, in consequence, and just previously to Sir Arthur's departure from England, [The city of Oporto was taken possession of on the 12th of May, 1809.] personally introduced to him at Downing Street, by two of his most intimate friends, Colonel M—L—, Member for an Irish county (my maternal uncle,) and the veteran General Sir J—D—. Under such au-

spices, I was, as may be naturally supposed, most favourably received. This interview resulted in the permission to follow him (Sir Arthur) to Portugal, with directions, on my arrival, to present myself at head quarters, wherever the same might be stationed, and, having obtained the assurance of his special patronage,—a promise subsequently redeemed—I retired “elate with hope,” my youthful spirits—I had not then completed my sixteenth year—as buoyant and gay in prismatic colouring, as are the soap-bubbles of childhood’s pastime. Alas! that they should have proved equally evanescent!

I can still, at this distance of time, recal to mind the impression then made upon me by the appearance of the gallant victor of Assaye. His urbane and polished demeanour; the winning smile, so well calculated to relieve the somewhat stern expression of his dignified features; above all, his eagle eye, in the bright gleam of which might have been detected the radiating germs of his future military pre-eminence; altogether struck me with a sensation of awe and admiration, and, novice as I was in the science of Lavater, I could unhesitatingly have predicted for him the highest position to which his consummate genius—not good fortune alone, as many have invidiously asserted—afterwards elevated him. The noble form, which I then beheld erect in its manhood’s prime, now bends beneath the weight of years consecrated to his country’s service: the head, that guided armies to conquest, has become blanched by exposure to the sun of foreign climes and the cares of state; the eye, that at a glance could perceive the shortest road to glory, may have somewhat faded in its pristine lustre; but so will not, I trust, fade the recollection of his achievements in the memory of a grateful posterity!

My arrangements for embarkation were not completed until the middle of May, 1809, and I landed at Lisbon on the 4th of June following, the anniversary of the birth of the then British Sovereign, George III. It will be readily imagined that I lost no time in proceeding to head-quarters, then stationed at Abrantes, where I was welcomed by his Excellency with the most condescending kindness, and appointed by him to the gallant —, with which regiment it was intended I should do duty until a vacancy for promotion offered. It (the regiment) was, with the brigade to which it belonged, considerably in advance en route for Spain; and, as head-quarters was to move forward at an early hour on the morning succeeding my arrival, I was, after having had the honour of dining with Sir Arthur, placed by him in the friendly charge of Colonel R—, of the Artillery with whom I was to march, until we came up with the regiment to which I had been temporarily appointed. This junction did not take place for several days and occurred, if mistake not, in the neighbourhood of Placentia. [The city of Placentia is the capital of Estramadura, situate on the river Xerto.]

Lieut.-Colonel G—, to whom I had a letter of recommendation direct from his Excellency, received me with much kindness; and having here met one or two officers, who had formerly been my companions at college, I soon became at home, and felt that I had indeed made my *debut* as an actor in the great drama of war, that was about to be so skilfully and successfully enacted.

As they bear no relation to the two events of my life, which it is my sole object to describe, I shall not touch upon the action of Talavera, nor the subsequent brilliant achievements of our brave Army; indeed, these have been so fully and ably detailed by the gallant historian of the Peninsular War, as to leave nothing for the gleanings of subaltern authorship—but merely observe that, whilst the hard-contested battle above named led to the temporary retreat of the British forces, it obtained for the Commander a justly merited peerage, and for myself, the confirmation of my first step in rank.

In the early part of the year 1811, I was at Belem, whither I had conducted a party of invalids. Whilst awaiting orders to rejoin the Army, I amused myself by making several excursions to the various villages in the vicinity of the capital; and, having my saddle horse, my mornings were thus agreeably passed, with but little fatigue to the body. My evenings were spent either at the theatre of San Carlos, or at the mansions of the few Portuguese nobility who had not emigrated with the Court to Brazil; and with whom I had become acquainted at the weekly reunions of our worthy and hospitable Ambassador. Sir Charles S— was one of those Scotchmen,—and there are many of them—who still entertained the national *prestige* for good birth, and to whose house, therefore, the rank of gentleman was a certain and acknowledged passport.

There was a house, a large red brick one, situate betwixt Lisbon and Belem, at the foot of a rise, leading to Alcantara, at which resided a widow lady, of the name of De Silva. This amiable woman spoke the English language fluently, and was at all times happy to receive those of my countrymen who were properly introduced. Among the select few I had the good fortune to be an especial favourite, having access at all hours during the day, and the inestimable privilege of a key to a valuable library—an advantage of which I did not fail most freely to avail myself. I believe that my very slight and youthful appearance (I wanted some months of my eighteenth year) recalling to her memory the stature and age of an only son, who had about twelve months previously fallen in a skirmish with the enemy, was the true solution of this flattering preference. I continued, however, to enjoy the effect without canvassing the motive, until a new attraction, in the form of a lovely girl, the daughter of a British officer, presented itself, and speedily transformed—for me at least—Madame De Silva’s substantially-built mansion into a terrestrial paradise.

Capt. Mortimer was an old invalided officer, who, on his retirement from the British Army some years previously, had visited Madeira for the benefit of his health, and there married a Portuguese lady of good property, who had accidentally touched at that island on her voyage from Rio Janeiro to Lisbon, and whither he accompanied her shortly after their nuptials. The fruit of this union was one daughter, whose birth the mother did not survive beyond the period of two years; and the Captain’s whole attention henceforth became absorbed in the pleasing task of superintending the education of this only pledge of their wedded happiness, under such masters as the Portuguese capital afforded.

Julia Mortimer, at the time I first became acquainted with her, had just completed her sixteenth year; she was of the finest order of fine forms, and whilst her dark hair and eyes—the former hanging in clustering ringlets, the latter sparkling with intelligence—evidenced her maternal origin; the polished ivory of her brow, and exquisite fairness of her skin, occasionally tinged by the carnation of modesty, equally attested her Saxon descent.

The moment this being, so replete with loveliness, met my enraptured gaze, my entire soul became, as it were, steeped in the very essence of her beauty; I felt as though I had undergone instantaneous regeneration; my hitherto dormant faculties fully awakened by this sudden contact with that true spear of Ithuriel—the heart’s first love! Let him—if such there be—who hath not succumbed to the domination of this master-passion, sneer at those who have yielded to its irresistible power. I envy him not his scepticism, for it is based alone upon his ignorance of, or deficiency in, the best and sweetest attributes of human nature!

For my part I gave myself up, unresistingly, to the magic influence of the

new existence, which my feelings of devoted attachment for this one object had apparently endowed me with. I was scarcely ever absent from Julia’s side, except at those hours set apart for domestic privacy; and, oh! how, in my impatience, did I curse the etiquette which rendered even these brief separations imperative. I was absolutely jealous of the very sun that shone upon her, if I were not also present to share with her its beams. Indeed, my love for that girl was a species of idolatry; and, God knows, perhaps subsequent events may have been the punishment for this preference of the created to the Creator! But I will not anticipate.

Within the short period of a month I had fully established myself in the good graces of the veteran Captain, and had no reason to complain of the manner in which his daughter received my warm professions of attachment. The former, indeed, gave me reason to suppose that he considered the high respectability of my family connexions fully to counterbalance my subaltern grade in the Service; and, on more than one occasion, hinted his ability to remove this objection by enabling me to “purchase;” in short, everything wore a most favourable aspect; my happiness seemed almost secured, and I might at that time have been justified in saying with Dryden—

“Hope with a goodly prospect fills the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possessions nigh,
Shortens the distance, or o’erlooks it quite;
So easy ’tis to travel with the sight.”

Alas! the delightful vision thus presented to my mental view was never fated to be realized! I was about to introduce a serpent into the Eden that love had created for me, and which, with the ingratitude of the snake in the fable, ultimately darted its venom at the hand that had nourished it.

I had been passing an evening at the Casa de Pombal, the residence of an Ambassador, and was returning on foot to my quarters in Belem, and using moreover the very necessary precaution of keeping in the middle of the street —“*in medio tutissimus ibis*”—in order to avoid the unsavoury discharges which frequently descended upon the head of the unthinking passenger from the windows of the houses on either side, and which were not always preceded by the caution established by law, when I heard a cry for help in my native language. I had constantly adopted the rule, in my night perambulations in the streets of Lisbon, of carrying pocket-pistols; I hastened, therefore, rapidly forward in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and on reaching, the filthy and dark suburb, at the extremity of the city, on the road to Belem, I discovered a young man, in a British naval uniform, contending against two powerful ruffians, with long knives, and whom he was endeavouring to keep at bay with his small dirk. On nearing them, I shouted “to the rescue!” and immediately fired one of my pistols, which had the effect anticipated, by causing the assailants to scamper off, and make their escape by the narrow and intricate lanes in the neighbourhood. The individual to whom I had been fortunate enough to render this service, and who had been only slightly grazed in the right shoulder, after warmly thanking me for my timely assistance, informed me that his name was Bradford, that he was a Master’s Mate on board the St. F— frigate, and having rather overstaid the appointed hour, had missed the boat in which the officers on leave were expected to rejoin their ship. Under these circumstances I could not do less than invite him to accompany me, and share me billet for the night—an offer which he gladly accepted.

As will naturally be concluded, the event above related led to a great intimacy betwixt William Bradford and myself. Whenever he obtained permission to visit the shore, he invariably shared my quarters and table; and I regarded him as the possessor of all those generous, honourable and manly qualities which are so generally found and acknowledged to be the attributes of his profession. I soon discovered, however, that he had imbibed a strong dislike to the Naval Service; indeed, he hesitated not to express to me his wish to change his present for almost any other pursuit in life. The fact is that his Reefer’s career had been rendered truly harassing by the tyrannical conduct of the different Commanders under whom he had served—acomplaint which at that period, I regret to say, was not unfounded, and prevalent among the “youngsters,” petty officers, and men of more than one British vessel of war.

Poor Bradford, at all events, seemed fated to be the object specially selected for “the insolence of office” to cast the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” upon; for the Captain of the frigate, to which he was then attached, enjoyed the well-merited reputation of being the greatest “Tartar” in the Service.

If I had been previously sceptical, however, as to the truth of many instances related of the arbitrary severity exhibited towards their juniors by some superior officers of the Royal Navy, I was speedily to have my doubts removed by a practical illustration, anything but agreeable to my feelings. One morning, I had just seated myself at the breakfast table, and at rather an earlier hour than usual, in consequence of an appointment to meet Julia at Madame De Silva’s, and accompany her into Lisbon on what is termed a shopping excursion, when Bradford entered. He looked pale and agitated, and presented the appearance of one to whom the comfort of a bed had, for the preceding night at least, been unknown. This was really the case; he had, it seems, landed the evening before, with a party of shipmates, and the convivial meeting did not break up until morning. His companions had, he said, gone off to the ship, as their leave expired at gun-fire; whilst his own being for three days, he came to claim my hospitality for that period. This was readily conceded on my part; and after he had taken refreshment, I prevailed upon him to throw himself upon a couch, and endeavour to obtain the repose which he so evidently required. I then left him, with a promise to return to dinner; and we subsequently spent the evening together.

The following morning he appeared disinclined to accept the proposal I made him to take a stroll, hinting that he had not quite recovered the effects of his late excess. The next day, however, with some slight hesitation, he consented to accompany me to town. Having made a short call at my wine-merchant’s (De Souza), with whom I had some business to transact, I proposed that we should adjourn, for the purpose of refection, to La Tour’s hotel, and in crossing Black Horse-square, on one side of which it was situated, found ourselves suddenly opposed to a party of marines, at the head of which, literally foaming at the mouth, was a little insignificant figure in the undress uniform of a Post-Captain.

This withered emblem of nautical chivalry seized Bradford roughly by the collar, and arrested him as a deserter, at the same time directing the Sergeant of the detachment to convey him to a boat in waiting at an adjacent landing, and thence on board the frigate. “Where,” said the Captain, with an oath, “I’ll not only disrate, and turn you before the mast, but try the effect of the lash upon your gentleman’s carcase!”

This threat, so brutally and publicly expressed, roused my indignation, but I dreaded lest any exhibition of might injure my friend’s cause; I therefore pleaded the total absence of all necessity for such violent measures

to enforce obedience, and represented the indignity he was offering to myself as a commissioned officer. I entreated him therefore, to send forward the guard, and permit me to be the sole escort of the accused to the river-side. This request he somewhat ungraciously accorded, and I accompanied the poor fellow, who was overwhelmed with shame, to the boat. The Captain, who had followed closely in our rear, desired the Midshipman to shove off, and order the First Lieutenant, in his name, to place the prisoner in irons; whilst I, having endeavoured to raise his spirits by the assurance that I would not fail to exert all the interest I could muster in his favour; and having exchanged a formal salute with the irate Commander, proceeded slowly homewards, ruminating sadly upon the unfortunate occurrence, and the best means of averting its threatened consequences.

The well-known character of Captain — left no doubt upon my mind that he would in this case, as he had in many others, extend the authority intrusted to him to its uttermost limits; and was, therefore, aware that any measures I might take to rescue a gentleman from the degradation which menaced him, must be speedily adopted. I was fortunately possessed of some powerful influence. I had, previously to leaving England, and whilst awaiting at Portsmouth a favourable wind, been the guest of the late Sir R. C., then exercising the functions of Port-Admiral; from him I had received a letter of introduction to Admiral Sir G. B., who commanded the British squadron in the Tagus. I had, likewise, met many distinguished naval officers at the table of H.B.M. Consul-General (Mr. J.). I did not, then, altogether despair of being able to effect my object; but immediately set to work, and by a judicious employment of the several aids thus fortunately offering themselves, I was enabled, ere the expiration of the third day, not only to relieve Bradford from the immediate consequences of the dilemma in which he had involved himself, but also to procure for him his discharge from the Service.

His professions of gratitude, as may be readily imagined, were profuse, and apparently sincere; and I determined not to leave him to struggle unaided with the difficulties of that world on which I had contributed to launch him. He was of course now thrown entirely upon my sympathies; entirely destitute of pecuniary resources, and that, too, in a foreign country, with no hope of remittances from home, as his father, independently of the very probable displeasure he might feel at this sudden abandonment of his profession, was wholly unable to assist him out of the little income derived from a Captain's half-pay, and the slender emolument arising from a subaltern Staff appointment in one of our garrison towns,—together barely sufficient for the diurnal wants of himself and a numerous family. Under these circumstances I again exerted my interest in his favour, and was successful enough to procure for him a Commissariat clerkship, at seven shillings and sixpence per diem,—a sum fully sufficient for his personal maintenance.

As for the first few months,—with a view of initiating him in the routine of his new employment, and that he might acquire some knowledge of the Portuguese language,—his services would be confined to the Lisbon Commissariat Office, he contrived to share my quarters, though entitled to a billet of his own, and nearly all our evenings were passed together. I had taken a pleasure in introducing him to Captain Mortimer, and, having the firmest reliance on his honour and good faith, I had no hesitation in making him the confidant of my attachment for Julia. I made him the depository of my most sacred feelings. My hopes, fears, and wishes, as they alternately arose, were laid bare to his inspection. For him "I wore my heart upon my sleeve," and would have staked my existence upon his fidelity.

Youth is ever unsuspicious; and my knowledge of the world at that time was too limited to have afforded me any ground-work for distrust of my fellow-beings. My existence hitherto had been all *coulour de rose*. I knew not that man could "smile and be a villain," or that woman was ever reputed false! My own ignorance of deceit rendered me less liable to detect it in another. I was, however, about to receive my first great worldly lesson,—to test friendship only to prove its hollowness; love, and find it worthless!

One night, or rather morning,—we had stayed later than usual at Captain Mortimer's,—I was returning home, accompanied by Bradford; we sauntered along leisurely, and in silence; my spirits that evening had been peculiarly buoyant, Julia more than usually affectionate, and yet, I know not how it was, I had no sooner quitted her father's door than I felt a sudden and extreme depression of mind,—a presentiment that some undefined evil hovered over and menaced me. I shuddered, involuntarily as it were, at my own imaginings. The night was serene and beautiful, and the air laden with the perfume of numerous orange-trees in the Queen's Botanical Garden, in the vicinity of which we were then loitering. The momentary sensation I experienced had been evidently detected by Bradford, whose arm was linked in mine, for he instantly exclaimed:

"Good God! De Mowbray! what ails you?"

"Nothing, my friend," I replied, "unless it be that the mental powers, when too exuberantly displayed, give a shock to the frame as they become relaxed. The fact is, I have rather a touch of the 'blues,' which a few hours' repose will doubtless disperse; so let us hasten our pace."

We did so, and soon reached our quarters; but the hopes I had just entertained of a comfortable rest were not then realised.

On entering my apartment I was presented by my servant with a large official letter, which had been brought by an orderly a few hours back. It was from the British Commandant at Lisbon, directing me to take charge of a party of convalescents, and march at daybreak, according to an inclosed route, for the Army. This event, though daily anticipated, happening at so late an hour, came upon me with all the startling effect of a disagreeable surprise. It allowed me but brief time to make the necessary arrangements for my departure, and not a moment to the coveted, though necessarily abandoned, indulgence of a farewell interview with my beloved Julia, to whom I could only pen a few lines, the hurried ebullition of my disappointed feelings, with the assurance of my unwavering affection; and the delivery of which, at as early an hour as possible, I intrusted to the charge of my friend Bradford, who most readily undertook the commission.

With the assistance of Bradford and my servant my preparations were soon completed, and within the short space of two hours I was at the head of my detachment, and *en route* for our first halting place. The parting between my friend and myself had been of the warmest description, consisting, on his side, of a recapitulation of the services I had rendered him, of reiterated thanks, and professions of undying gratitude,—with the assurance on mine of continued interest in his future welfare; and I concluded by observing, that the greatest proof I could give him of the strength of my attachment was the constituting him my *amicus curia*, and, indeed, second self, near the persons of my intended wife and her father, beseeching him to watch over Julia as a sacred deposit confided to him by friendship,—the honourable fulfilment of which trust would amply repay any obligations to me that he might deem himself to have incurred.

Such was our mutual parting. Little did I then deem that it would prove a final one.

I must now beg my reader to suppose that a year has elapsed since the events above related took place; and as I have previously stated that it does not come within the province of my present narrative to detail the military operations of the period, which would only have the effect of too far encroaching upon the limited space allotted in the pages of periodical literature to such subjects, without adding commensurate interest to that which merely assumes to be—what it is in reality—a simple domestic drama, based on the incidents of every-day life, I shall only observe that the interval had been passed by myself in the usual routine of professional duty, and invite him—or her, as it may be—to accompany me, in the mind's eye, to my new locality, at a small village in the immediate neighbourhood of Abrantes, whither I had retired to recruit my health, which was much impaired from an attack of intermittent fever.

I had, during the first seven months of my absence from Julia, heard from her and Bradford, as frequently as the very uncertain transit of written communication would allow; and their respective letters continued to be fraught with the warmest asseverations of love on her part, and friendship on his. Five tedious moons had now waned, however, without bringing me the slightest intelligence from either. I had just risen from a sick couch, and the anxiety of mind, superinduced by this unaccountable silence, contributed to my corporeal weakness. I was in that state of half listless apathy, which so frequently pervades the spirits of the patient, who has been for any length of time subjected to the influence of tertian ague, that I was, one lovely afternoon, reclining on my camp-bed; a gentle breeze, redolent of the ripe vintage—the little cottage I occupied was in the centre of a vineyard—refreshing stole through the half-closed palousies, tempering the noon-tide heat; the undulating murmur of the river, as it flowed majestically onward in its course, with the occasional ripple of its waters as they yielded to the cleaving prows of the barges and boats that navigated its surface; or the more sonorous stroke of the oars, as they fell in measured cadence with the accompanying songs of the light-hearted boatmen; and, still further in the distance, the continuous though deadening sound, betokening the resistance offered to its current by the celebrated bridge of boats which adverse armies had so often traversed—altogether, taken in the aggregate, was so conducive to repose, that I almost insensibly exchanged my previous lethargic heaviness, for a sweet and tranquil sleep. It was the first that I had enjoyed for weeks, and sent in mercy perhaps, by Providence, as a means of better enabling me to support the shock of a terrible awakening!

My slumber had thus uninterruptedly lasted for nearly four hours, when I awoke, calm, and re-invigorated, and shortly after a visitor was announced. On his admittance, I found that it was an Assistant Commissary-General, the Chief of the Department stationed at Abrantes. This gentleman had been attached to our brigade during the campaigns of 1809-10, and was desirous of repaying to any isolated member of the regiments formerly composing it, the kindness which he had collectively experienced from them. He had frequently called upon me, and I was indebted to him for many little delicacies, which his position afforded him alone, the means of procuring. Having congratulated me upon my convalescence, he so urgently pressed me to take advantage of the fineness of the evening, ride with him into town, and share his dinner, that I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, and we consequently started together.

There were but few guests, and among them I was gratified at meeting an old fellow-collegian, and subsequent brother officer, then on the personal staff of one of our most distinguished Divisional Generals. Capt.—, had been wounded by a musket-ball, in the fleshy part of his shoulder, and was on his way, by easy stages, to Lisbon. Thus, with good cheer, and its better concomitant, agreeable society, my spirits became exhilarated, and for the moment at least, I banished care from my breast. Alas! it was doomed speedily to be tenanted by more ruthless tyrants—revenge, and gaunt despair!

The cloth had been sometime removed, and we were indulging in temperate potations, seasoned with hilarity, when a servant entered, and announced the arrival of a clerk from the Lisbon Office, with dispatches for our host, who, having politely asked the sanction of his *convives*, gave orders for the introduction of the messenger. A young man, of rather dandified appearance, was thereupon ushered in, and having delivered his letters, was requested to take a seat at the table, on one end of which, substantial viands were soon placed for his refectory.

The Commissary, having thrown a cursory glance over the papers transmitted to him, and merely observing, that "they contained nothing of so urgent a nature as to require attention previous to the following morning," resumed his part in general conversation, till perceiving that the stranger had fully satisfied the cravings of apparently, no contemptible appetite, began to question him respecting the local news of the Portuguese metropolis.

The new comer, whose patronymic, evidenced his consanguinity with the interminable families of the Smiths or Thompsons—which of the two, however, has at this distance of time, escaped my memory—replied respectively to these interrogatories of his superior, and descended freely upon what, doubtless to him, seemed of paramount importance—the arrival from England, of an extensive shipment of commissariat stores—together, with the changes, promotions, &c., of the various officials in his branch of the service; and concluding with a soft intimation of his own expected advancement.

During this time, I sat on tenter-hooks. The name of Bradford hung upon my lips, yet still, some mysterious influence seemed to prohibit its enunciation. What had I to dread? I could not answer this self-imposed question, for some invisible monitor, from the very depths of my soul, hissingly whispered—Be wary! My frame appeared to me all pulse—throb! throb! throb! Heart and temples beat in painful unison! I was fast relapsing into one of those fits of despondency, to which I had recently been subject, when a smart slap on the shoulder from the hand of my host, on whose right I was placed, with the words—"Pass the wine, De Mowbray"—roused me to renewed consciousness. I mechanically, as it were, seized the decanter, and filling a large goblet nearly to the brim, quaffed it at a draught. As the blood, thus stimulated, regained its almost suspended circulation, I gradually recovered my composure. Nevertheless, I lacked sufficient firmness, to mention Bradford; so compromising with my feebleness of purpose, and addressing the young man, with as great an air of carelessness as I could assume, I inquired, "Whether by chance he had met or heard of a Captain Mortimer?"

"What, old Mortimer?" said he, "with a d—d fine girl, his daughter, residing in the Rua do — betwixt Lisbon and Belem!"

"The same," I replied.

"Oh, yes!" The old fellow hopped the twig about three months ago; rather suddenly—stroke of apoplexy, I believe, or something of that sort."

"Dead!" I exclaimed, "and his"—(daughter I was about to have said, when he continued)—

"By the bye, and that puts me in mind of the lucky hit Bradford, of our Office, has made."

"Ah! how so?" interrupted I.

"Why, he's come in for all the old man's cash, I suppose, for three weeks before the father's death, he'd married the—"

"Liar! villain! base fabricator!" I vociferated, and springing across the room, in another moment I had grasped his windpipe, which I so forcibly compressed, that he must have fallen a victim to my rage, had he not speedily been rescued. Without casting a second glance on the doubtless, astonished recipient of the first effects of a fury, which he had so unconsciously excited—regardless of let or hindrance, if any were offered—I rushed into the court-yard, and calling for, and mounting my horse, dashed through the streets of Abrantes, overcoming—by the instinct probably, of the animal I bestrode—obstacles in my rapid course, which would have made a bold eye-wink at encountering even by daylight, nor slackened rein, till my panting steed drew up at the door of my residence. To hasten to my room, where my private servant, a Gallego, awaited me, throw my few necessities into a portmanteau, and dispatch it to the Posada by Jose, with directions to order me post-horses, was the work of a few minutes. I then carefully loaded my pistols, which I secured in my girdle, and remounting, followed my domestic to the inn, whence, I departed within the half-hour, at full speed for the capital.

Like the demon of the storm, who—be his course north, west, east, or south—pursues his devastating path in one undeviating track, unchecked by mountain, vale, or river, till his strength becomes exhausted; so, in the whirlwind of my passion went I forward to the attainment of my then sole object—a complete, and terrible vengeance! I felt neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue; the common wants of human nature had lost their hold upon my sympathies; my individuality had become absorbed in one intense and burning thought. . . . I know not now how I accomplished that journey; my mountings and dismountings at the different change-houses on the road must have been purely mechanical, in which the body alone, and not the mind, had part. I recollect, however, that my first perception of external objects occurred on entering Lisbon. I reached a Posada, to the landlord of which I was well known, and who received me with more than friendliness. Here, the fever that had hitherto sustained and utter prostration of strength supervened. For a week, I lay hovering between life and death, and to my youth and constitution only was I indebted for the balance in my favour.

The moment that I was enabled to leave my room, still bent on consummating my revenge, by compelling the base betrayer of my confidence to meet me, even at the extremity of a handkerchief, I proceeded to the house that had belonged to the late Capt. Mortimer, and in which I was given to understand Bradford and his wife continued to reside. The dastard, however, had been apprised of my arrival, and dreading the effects of my indignation, got himself removed to the head-quarters of the Commissariat Department, then advancing with the army through Spain; and thus avoided the chastisement I intended for him, and which his perfidy so justly merited.

I subsequently learned, that he had not only suppressed many of my letters to Julia, but calumniated me to both herself and father; the latter expired with the conviction of my unworthiness, whilst she lived to acquire the knowledge of the deception that had been practised upon her—to exonerate me, and wreak upon his head all the concentrated malice that a disappointed woman is capable of harbouring in her bosom.

I may as well, for the satisfaction of my reader, ere I conclude this episode, state, that Bradford was promoted to an Assistant-Commissary-Generalship in one of our West India Colonies, where, after two years residence, he caught the yellow fever and died. His wife, who had despised him living, mourned not for him dead. She shortly afterwards married again, but "Yellow Jack," claimed another victim, and within twelve months succeeding her second nuptials, she also was consigned to the silent tomb.

May she rest in peace!

LOVE-LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.

What a charming sight is a little corner of a fly's wing when one looks upon it with the aid of a microscope! How perfect in design—how dainty in detail—how glorious in effect! One hangs with rapture over the examination of its beauties. But just for a moment lift away the microscope, and lo! a dead, thin, distorted insect, than which scores of plumper, prettier specimens buzz hourly upon every window-pane in one's house. Now, thousands of people have made this remark, and yet, perhaps, it has never occurred to any of them that Cupid has just such another microscope of his own; and thus we bring it home to him. Who ever fell in love with a whole woman at once! No man: the task would be superhuman. Every man's heart is caught, after its own weakness, by some particular charm, which, as ladies say, "grows upon him." For example—Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are rivals for a girl's affection: but examine their respective admirations a little closely, and they shall not be rivals at all. Her ringlets have entangled one of them, her little foot has walked into another, and her figure has added a third to her admirers. The gentleman who used to write sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow (and only one of them) was a genuine type of your true lover; so enamoured of his own one beauty, that he cannot for a moment divert his eyes to any other district of his lady's charms. This is a law of nature: it is, in fact, Cupid's microscope; very much developing somewhere, and shutting quite out of sight everything anywhere else. And to show its universality, witness the cheerful complacency with which the dear creatures couch in the tenderest attitudes under the displaying glass of their exhibitor; it is the whole art of love in woman. Unhappily, the crisis comes when Hymen smashes the lens at the church door (on the way out), or when Cupid himself, pocketing the whole contrivance, flies away to show off his science again in the same manner upon some other couple.

Now, to us it is a touching thing to see young folks going about falling in love with each other after this fashion, for qualities to which they will be less than insensible in a fortnight after their honeymoon. Unluckily, we can see no help for them. People in love can't be expected to listen to reason; they may perhaps be accessible to it after marriage, but then it is only an aggravation; no longer a remedy. The only plan we can suggest, is to pitch good advice into them before they fall in love by some sort of "contingent hints on courtship and matrimony," or "prospective precautions about sweethearts, addressed to heart-whole bachelors." In this age of handbooks, such titles would be worth any money to an enterprising publisher. At present, however, we have concocted and struck out only the titles, and as we have not the slightest idea of going any further with the undertakings, we just register them here "provisionally."

Next to not being disappointed at all, perhaps the greatest satisfaction in the

world is to have a good right to be disappointed. Now, the man who recklessly resigns his heart without specifying its weaknesses, has no more reason to complain of its subsequent injuries, than he who suffers his housemaid to "dust" his mantel-piece, or who sends glass anywhere by carriers without instructing them as to which "side up, with care." In order, then, to establish before wedlock the right we speak of—in order, as it were, to unlock his heart, and leave the key in it, before he knows to whom he shall part with it—we can imagine some young bachelor, foreseeing the altar, addressing to her whom time reserves for him a letter of preliminary candour. To be sure he can't send the letter, because he doesn't know where to direct it. He is equally ignorant of the lady's name and of her number. But we—we will make sure of its reaching the right individual, by placing it before the world—as follows:—

"To ———"

"Madam—Permit me to request your serious attention to a few remarks, of a very peculiar nature, from one who is at present a total stranger to you. But first, as it is just possible that you may consider I presume considerably in thus addressing you, I will try to excuse my freedom. The fact is, that you and I are going to be married—some of these days. Yes, madam, although I am the last man that would force his attentions on a lady, I feel I must be your husband. You intend to marry when you shall receive an eligible offer? Very well; you will receive such an offer. I shall make it. I shall not be able to make it to anybody else. You will turn it over in your mind a long time, but you will—you must accept it at last. It is not in us to help it: man and wife we are already—not yet united, it is true, but still some day to share, like a pair of unconsciously-associated soles, a mutual fate. It is not, then, very premature in us now, while we are still in the chrysalis of celibacy, to begin to think of each other and to try to imp the wings of inevitable wedlock for a pleasant flight together—is it, dear?"

"You are very pretty, I'm sure (I shall call you an angel some day, so don't be precipitate); but I hope that, when I fall in love with you, you will not think it necessary to show me how very lovely you are by demonstrating what a beauty you are thought by all the young fellows of your acquaintance. You will make me ineffably happy by marrying me; but I trust you will not seek to aggravate my gratitude by acquainting me with all the very numerous offers you will have had from richer and handsomer men than I am—all of which, no doubt, your dear mamma will have been most anxious for you to accept in preference to mine. I shall love you to distraction, and you will reciprocate my passion (probably after the manner of Mr. James's heroine in his next novel but thirty); but I beg you will not permit your imagination to invest me with the peculiarities of an exile, or bandit, or cavalier of the fifteenth century, because such impressions must lead only to your disappointment and my subsequent depreciation in your eyes, as I assure you I have not the slightest element of any such gentleman in my composition."

"When you find yourself for the first time at the head of a household, though never so humble an one, you will very naturally be overcome with a delightful responsibility in the cares of your little quondam. Judging from my present circumstances, I think that, 'when we marry,' we shall probably afford 'an eight-roomed house, genteelly furnished.' But the path of youth should ever be upward; and I trust and expect, at no distant period, to remove you to a 'twelve-roomed ditto, luxuriously.' Therefore I hope that, in our first nest, your callow housewifery will not proceed with uncomfortable thrift to envelop our looking glasses in yellow gauze; pop our bell-ropes into long-striped bags; disguise our chairs in mysterious dominos; and make me walk over my domestic hearth upon raw brown Holland. I hate to see people's 'genuine effects' so muffled; it reminds me of the way tradesfolks have of wrapping up one's copper change."

"As young ladies go now-a-days, it is very likely that your disposition, my love, may be overwhelmingly 'serious.' Some women have religion always in their mouths, as if it was a voice lozenge. If so—be it so. Mine shall never be the bed of a Procrustes, seeking to stretch his wife's conscience. Perhaps if I jerk a button from my wristband on a Sunday morning, your piety will forbid you to stitch it on again. Then never fear a consequent rebuke from me. I, rather than engage in a controversial discussion with my wife about my buttons, would with the greatest cheerfulness—wear studs."

"One of the proudest prerogatives of female matrimony is what ladies call 'mutual confidence.' But if, in your notion of this privilege, you should expect me, in my used-up evenings, to pour into your bosom my troubles and anxieties in 'the city,' and in return for your sympathy, to share with you the annoyances of housekeeping—if you should repay my confidence in the matter of my best friend's bankruptcy, with a particular account of an 'extravagant shoulder of mutton,' in which bone unconscionably preponderates over meat—if, when I try to explain to you my current position in a lawsuit, you should interrupt me with your just vexation that your maid has mimicked in gingham what you invented in satin—in such a case I must beg that we keep our separate trials quite separate. We might as well exchange with each other the umbrella and the parasol, the peacock and the penguins, as to expect to find shelter in such uncongenial comfort. So much for our troubles. Let us, however, be always unanimous in our pleasures: let us enjoy everything together; with this especial precaution—that there is always enough for both of us to enjoy."

"I own I could wish that, until we marry, you should have some regular occupation: but, of course, as you are a lady, you would blush at the idea of earning your bread. Nevertheless, I hope you will never have the unfeeling vanity to wince at the name of my trade—even though it should involve an apron—as if it were a thing not to be admitted before company. For you will meet, my love, much stylish company in London, whose tools of business are Shylock's own knife and scales, yet who would shudder at the imputation of a yard-measure or a canister. But be sure, the tradesman's wife who loves such company, hears daily baser metal rung upon her dinner-table than ever her husband nails to his counter in Cheapside."

"And now, my dearest girl that shall be, pardon my audacity if, as I bend my mind's eye into the vista of futurity, a little past the altar I perceive the cradle. Yet why not? The tree of our love, though now but an acorn, must bloom and blossom, and then—only think of the branches! With our little ones (bless 'em), even from their coral, let us do nothing without a purpose. Wise men say that the mind of a child resembles a sheet of white paper. It is then a parent's duty to be sure that the guiding-lines he traces on that sheet of paper are always ruled in the right place. The world has a very harsh way of rubbing out false impressions."

"I drop my pen. Good-by, my love, *au revoir*. This letter is as ingenuous as the next I shall write to you will be silly and incredible. Nevertheless, I am afraid you will like the other best."

"Your devoted,

THOMAS RINGDOVE."

SEPTEMBER.

She hath gone, the gorgeous summer,—
Yet on path, and wood, and hill
The traces of her rosy feet
Are lingering brightly still;
And, as the sunlight paling
On evening leaves its flush,
In the shadowy arms of Autumn
Still we revel in her blush.

Art thou gone, oh! lovely summer?
I am wandering where the trees,
The grand high priests of nature,
Swing their censers to the breeze;
Swing perfumes on the hazy air,
While through the arches dim
Comes far, and sweet, and solemnly
Their murmured, mystic hymn.

I am wandering through the forests,
Through the summer woods—but lo!
There droops and sways a yellow flag,
Amid the green beech bough;
And from the tufts of waving fern
Spring shafts of paly gold,
And the long grass 'plaineth whisperingly
When rising winds are bold.

And the balm flower by the streamlet,
The thistle-down that sails,
A fairy craft o'er mount and mead
Urged on by mimic gales,
The golden rod bright glancing
Where the calm and sunny light
Falls trickling through the woven leaves,—
These whisper of thy flight.

Alas! alas! for summer gone,
Alas! when death his snow
Shall heap upon her rosy lips
And on her radiant brow!
Alas! alas! for darker days
When Nature, pale with dread,
Shall stand, a stricken Niobe,
Alone amid her dead.

PENNSYLVANIA, September, 1846.

A.D.

LA FESTA DI SANTA BRIGIDA.

To-day was the festival of Santa Brigida after the grand and solemn ceremonies of majestic Rome, how singular was the contrast. The Neapolitans carry their noise and gaiety even into their religion. As we approached the church, we were startled by an explosion that made us uncertain whether the saint had sprung a mine to bear her followers straight to Paradise, "*sans autre forme de proces*," or whether the guns of St. Elmo had taken a sudden fancy to bombard us, or—our kind cicerone put a stop to our conjectures by informing us, that it was only the customary *feu de joie* indispensable on such occasions, in order to usher in the mass with becoming effect! Re-assured by so satisfactory an explanation, we picked our steps amidst the paper petards, whose smoking remains stood ranged in terrible array before us; and forcing our way through the crowd, found ourselves within the church.

And singular as unexpected was the scene it presented to us. Filled with a motley assemblage, certainly not *la creme de la creme* of la bella Napoli, and draped with gauze and tinsel of every hue of the rainbow, it looked like a very showy booth, or a *scene de ballet*, or rather, like nothing in the world but a Neapolitan church in holiday dress, and like nothing less than a place of worship. In lieu of the rich crimson brocade, the only costume suffered to disguise the marble splendor of Roman temples, festoons of the most gossamer blue, of the most delicate pink, the most diaphanous violet, starred with silver or edged with gold, drooped round the columns, and floated from the roof, mingling and glittering in the light of the lustres suspended between each arch.

A blaze of dazzling illumination gleamed from the bedraped and bespangled altar; while the gorgeous vestments of the priests, as they moved up and down before the "Venerable," shone with redoubled richness on the brilliant background of gold and rose.

At each side of the nave a raised tribune had been erected for the two orchestras, both containing about thirty musicians. As the dimensions of the church are not large, the combined effect of some forty violins and twenty singers, each striving to out-noise the other, may be easily imagined,—the *pater-aores* that had cannonaded us outside were scarcely more stunning. Suffice it, that after having endured for about an hour what would have been unendurable to the nerves of anything but a *lazzaro* or an English lionizer,—on the assurance of the Marchese L—— that there was nothing more to be seen, we were happy to escape into the open air, half deafened and three-quarters stifled.

"*Caspi!* what will not the English go through!" exclaimed our friend, as he piloted us out. "Ten minutes of this atmosphere would have made one of our women faint. I have no doubt that if there was an eruption of Vesuvius to-morrow, you would never be satisfied till you stood in the crater."

"Of course," I replied; "but that is our way—*che volete!*"

The *corso* was almost over, and the files were becoming thinner and thinner, as one by one the carriages turned down the Strada di Chiaja, or dashed off by the Chiatamone. The twilight, too, was rapidly deepening into night as our friend, Don Pepino L——, called for us, and we drove down the Chiaja. But the Strada di Chiaja was another affair. Filled with pedestrians and equipages, all bound to the Toledo and its *cafes*, or the surrounding theatres, we were forced to follow the *fila* at a worse than snail's pace, varied every now and then by a dead stop. The crowd, the carriages, the confusion, and the gaiety of all around, would have made the slowness of the *trajet* rather agreeable than otherwise, had I not feared that we should be too late for the fireworks. My impatience amused our Neapolitan friends exceedingly, for to them fire-works were a drug. As in Naples every saint has his *festa*, and every *festa* its *fuochi*, the week is a rare one in which there are not two and often three *feux d'artifice*, and unfailingly every Sunday.

"Laugh as you like," I exclaimed at last; "but, however ridiculous the confession may be, rockets and *tricolori* have still a charm in the eyes of a no-

vice like myself, whose *castelli nell'aria* have hitherto been limited to the yearly magic of the Quai d'Orsay, or the *girandola* of Easter, and St. Peter's."

"Console yourself," retorted Don Pepino, as the carriage *debouched* in the *largo*, "we shall be there immediately now."

But it was easier said than done. As we passed the illuminated Cafe de l'Europe, before which stood groups of carriages filled with *elegantes*, eating ice, or drinking lemonade, multitudes were pouring towards the Santa Brigida and the Largo del Castello; thus rendering the Toledo, always so crowded at this hour, even more impassable than usual.

If I wished to convert a cynic or a misanthrope, I should send him to the Toledo from eight o'clock to ten on a summer's evening, with its crowds of noisy, picturesque, and joyous people; its double file of carriages; its showy *cafes*, filled with loungers and *lions*; and the still more showy *limonadiers* glittering on all sides: I do not think there is another scene so animated and so brilliant in the world.

As we reached the street of Santa Brigida, we all uttered an exclamation of surprise; for, though we had seen in the morning the innumerable paper-lamps that filled every window, or were festooned across the street, we were unprepared for the beautiful effect of the illumination.

From the Toledo to the Largo del Castello myriads of lights of every hue of the rainbow dazzled our sight; while overhead, apparently floating in mid-air, hung garlands and lustres of every fantastic shape imaginable, gleaming in purple and crimson, violet and gold color, like the ruby and amethyst fruits of Aladdin's garden. In the centre of the street, immediately facing the church, swung a colossal chandelier, eclipsing all the others by its Patagonian size, and fanciful as elegant form. The *tout ensemble* represented a gigantic *fleur-de-lis*; the details composing lilies, tulips, and blue bells.

"What a magical *coup d'œil!*" I exclaimed at last, perfectly enraptured; "and how tasteful, how pretty the decoration of that house," I added, pointing out one, the windows and balconies of which, from the *pian terreno* to the very roof, were filled with rows and wreaths of tulips, crocuses, and anemones.

"And yet, would you guess that those *lampioni* you admire so much are *ni plus ni moins* than gourds, pumpkins, and various other fruits peculiar to our *campagna felice*, hollowed out for the reception of the light, so as to become transparent, and cut into the shapes of these different flowers, according to the taste of the servants and *lazzari*, who are famous for their skill in this branch of an art peculiarly Neapolitan."

"You jest!"

"No, indeed, that gold tulip that looks so brilliant is nothing but the half of a yellow *cocuzzo*. Those crimson ones are *poni d'oro*, and so on to the end of the chapter. I shall bring you a bouquet some day to cure you of your incredulity, for my *cameriere* is an *artiste* in that way."

In the meanwhile the carriage had been progressing through the dense mass of people who crowded the street, to the imminent risk of heads, feet, and elbows, and to our infinite terror, for the Neapolitans are so used to being jostled by a *cabriolet*, or half *culbuté* by a *corricolo*, at every turn of their crowded streets, that they think nothing of being grazed by a horse's nose, or of the wheels passing within an inch of their limbs.

At each moment I expected that some of the star-gazers would have been crushed to death, as they stood in perfect indifference, scarcely turning round at the sound of the carriage wheels, much less condescending 'o get out of the way. But we penetrated, without accident, into the Largo del Castello, and just in time; for scarcely had we taken our station in an open space where none of the numerous carriages that filled the square impeded our view, when three or four rockets starting into the sky, announced that the *fuochi* had begun.

A blaze of fire burst from a scaffolding erected immediately before the entrance of the street from which we had just emerged. Stars—fiery serpents; fountains, &c., followed in rapid succession, casting a glare on the whole square that made every object in it as bright as day, and displaying similar scaffoldings rising on every side. Scarcely had they ceased in one quarter than they were replied to in another. Sparks and *fusees* darted and fell in every direction—on the houses—on the crowd, but without eliciting any greater sign of alarm than an occasional scream from the female portion of the community.

"Are they not afraid of being set on fire?" I inquired.

"Oh no! they are used to it," replied Don Pepino.

"Well, at all events, I am glad that we at least are out of the reach of combustion." The words were scarcely spoken, when a deluge of sparks fell, above, below, around us in every direction, and an airy castle started up within a few feet of the carriage. Suddenly the blue light which had cast so spectral a hue over the handsome countenances of our companions changed to a crimson glare, making the whole scene look very much like one of the flaming *Bolgie* of the *Inferno*; while the castle melted into a cascade of fire.

Unconsciously we had chosen our position precisely in front of the grand *finale* of the evening.

"*Misericordia!* can we not retreat?" I exclaimed.

"Impossible, unless you prefer the certainty of breaking your neck to the chance of being singed," replied the Marchese, pointing out the quintuple file of carriages that stood behind us. "*Ci vuol pazienza*, there is nothing for it but to draw up the head of the carriage, and await the result."

The result proved his wisdom, for after an ineffectual attempt at backing amidst the curses and kicks of all the coachmen and horses beside and behind us, the bouquet burst just over our heads, and sticks and sparks came rattling down on us like hail, to the great amusement of the Marchese and his brother, and to my extreme terror.

It was some minutes before we could extricate ourselves from the scene of confusion. And when at last we drove down the Santa Lucia various groups were already seated, supping *al fresco*, and others hurrying to take possession of the few tables that remained vacant. They seemed to enjoy themselves too, for the peals of laughter echoed across the quai.

"There are very few to night," said Don Raffaele L——; for the Santa Lucia is one of the favorite *rendezvous* of the *basso ceto* for their supper and drinking parties during the summer. A little later it will probably be quite full. Sunday especially is a grand night, and the scene is sometimes singularly characteristic and amusing, so much so, that many go as spectators to enjoy the sport, if not to mingle in it. Amongst the *amateurs*, a few years ago, there was an old gentleman whose assiduity was so constant as to be at last remarked. Every *fete* night regularly his carriage took its station within a few feet of the largest and merriest group, and there he would sit for an hour or two, looking on and listening, apparently with quite as much *gusto* as any of the carousers themselves. Two or three of our mischievous *damerini*, determined to play him a trick, and providing themselves with a very long rope, they tied one end of it to the wheel of his carriage, and the other to the legs of a table, at which

some twenty or thirty people were supping, beside whom, as usual, he had taken his post; the result, which of course they had waited to see, was quite as ludicrous as they could have wished. Having stayed his time, the old gentleman at last drove off; a moment after, away danced the table without any visible cause, scattering the broken dishes and their contents right and left upon the astounded convives, who lay in all directions, overturned and sprawling on the ground, crossing themselves, and calling on all the saints to save them from the fangs of "Satanasso," whose hoofs and claws had just made such unexpected havoc amongst them; while some few, more courageous, rushed after the vanishing table, which galloped down the quai like a thing possessed. I leave you to guess the dismay of the offending old gentleman, and the fury of the suppers' sufferers.

The trick was pronounced on all hands excellent, and the story, enhanced by the *buffo* embellishments of the narrator, still better.

"How I should like to make a party, and sup here some evening *alla Napolitana*," I exclaimed, when at last the laughter subsided.

"By all means, we will do so; for though it is *tant soit peu canaille*, foreigners, especially the English, are privileged. We never wonder at anything they do. *Sono Inglesi*, is quite explanation enough for anything, however extravagant or inconvenient."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"It is a compliment," replied the Marchese, "for we look upon you as one of us, and you are so completely naturalized that you can afford to laugh at the absurdities of your compatriotes; but the aristocratic resort for those supper parties,—the favourite parties *deplaisir*, of all ranks,—is the *Rocher de Cancale*, down the *Strada Nuova*."

"What! have you got a *Rocher* too?" I interrupted.

"*Senza dubbio*! can you imagine that existence in Naples would be possible without one, now that the Parisian *furor* of our *lioni* has reached to such a height that every boot we wear, every horse we ride, nay, the very bread we eat, must be imported from Paris, in order to make it go down. But to return to what I was saying. The *Rocher*, and most of the numerous other restaurants and trattorie on the *Strada Nuova*, have gardens and caves that extend to the water's edge; in these the supper tables are laid beneath the orange trees and pomegranates, all lighted up with the coloured *lampioni* you saw to-night. In our sultry summer nights nothing can be more delightful than these *reunions*, *all'aria aperta*, from which all *etiquette*, all *gene* are banished, every one amusing and amused, for of course no *seccatori* are ever admitted to these *petits cocimtes* of the chosen few. Then the night is generally concluded by sailing round the bay for two or three hours in their illuminated boats, with bands of music, and very seldom do they break up before the dawn."

"How very delightful!" we all exclaimed.

"Yes, I think you would enjoy it. We shall choose a *compagnie d'élite* some evening, and give you a proper specimen of those our national soirees."

As he spoke we passed the dark walls of *Castel dell' Uovo*, and turned down the *Chiatamone*, with its stately palaces and rows of gas lights flashing on the waves, whose ripple, as they dashed against the parapet, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. The contrast to the plebeian revelry of the *Santa Lucia* was striking. Always solitary, at this hour it was even more so than usual. The *Largo*, too, and the *Chiaja*, were equally deserted. It was not the night of the band, and with the exception of one or two solitary promenaders, whose shadows darkened through the trees of the villa, there was not a carriage or a person to be seen, save the dashing looking *guarda portone* of the *Palazzo San Teodoro*, lounging, as usual, *en sentinelle* between the glittering gas lamps that deck the entrance.

"What a sigh!" said Don Pepino. "Is it the *palazzo* that excites your ambition?"

"Precisely. I was just thinking how fortunate must be the possessor of such a domicile, with its bright and elegant facade looking on the loveliest site in the world; not too large to be habitable, nor too small to be princely, it seems to me the very *beau idéal* of a residence."

"And yet the Duke prefers Paris, and only returns here *de tems en tems*."

"There is no disputing tastes; but I should not make a comparison between vain, frivolous, worldly, and common-place Paris, and beautiful, picturesque, romantic Naples."

The last observation had ushered us into the drawing room, where we found several of our friends awaiting us. Among others the Roman Countess S—, and her handsome daughter. The heat of the evening was intense, and though every door and window of the whole *enfilade* of rooms were wide open, we were not an atom the cooler; nor even did the tea succeed better: that national *sine qua non* we never omitted, to the interminable astonishment of our Neapolitan *habitués*; whose philosophy never could be convinced of the refreshing effects of potations of boiling water, in a temperature of the tropics.

Nor was this all, for myriads of *zanzari*, attracted as usual by the light, filled the saloons, flitting and buzzing around us on all sides.

Nothing can be more burlesque than to observe, *en amateur*, the evolutions of a familiar circle on such occasions. Intent on foiling the common enemy, all scruples are waived; ladies and gentlemen alike pursue their various plans of defence *sans ceremonie*, and inconceivably absurd is the effect of seeing every one around hitting themselves a *droite et a gauche*, or clutching furiously at the air without any apparent object. The most coquettish pose, the most *sotto voce* sentiment is violently cut short by the muttered execration, and the abortive attempt at vengeance. Even amidst my own miseries I watched the different *manœuvres* of our companions in distress, with infinite amusement.

Baron D—, who had taken refuge in the sofa, was silently pursuing a system of extermination on the wall; a hopeless task, for no sooner was one swarm destroyed than it was replaced by another. The Contessa S—, with true Roman *disinvoltura*, slapped about her *sans misericorde*; while the beautiful Donna Giacinta, more merciful, waved her handkerchief incessantly before her face. Prince C—, who had seated himself beside me, was the only one of the party who struggled successfully to keep up appearances. But then he had a sonnet to repeat, *un sonetto colla coda*, composed *impromptu*, while he waited our arrival. And mosquitoes are anti-poetical. He had just got through the first stanza. "How very pret . . ." I began, when the epithet expired on my lips, as a handkerchief was suddenly flung in my face.

"For heaven's sake!"

"You ought to thank me," retorted the Marchese S—, to my exclamation, and the indignant look that accompanied it. "Were it not for my timely intervention you would have a swelling on your forehead to-morrow as large as half a ducat. Such a monster as lighted on it!"

The prince resumed his sonnet, and this time succeeded in getting through it without any new *mesaventure*. The verses were really very graceful, and I praised them as they deserved.

"Ah Signorina!" he whispered in the most pathetic tone imaginable, "if

they have any merit, to what do I owe it, if not to the irresistible inspiration! *Diavolo! sono accecato per Bacco!* I am blinded! almost shouted the unfortunate poet, dashing his hand upon his eye with a violence that seemed likely to realize his words.

The Prince was really to be pitied, for to be stung and laughed at *pardessus le marche*, would be too much for the patience of a saint. In his case, too, it was a public as well as a private calamity, for a mosquito bite is disfiguring as well as inconvenient; and his *occhi dolci* were disabled for a fortnight.

But alas! in spite of my sympathy, it was too ludicrous, and I was forced to join in the mischievous mirth of the Marchese S— and his brother; who had overheard the unlucky compliment and its unexpected termination.

The *zanzari* were no jest, however, and the suggestion of one of the gentlemen, that we should go and cool ourselves on the *terrazzino* was received with general applause. Even the fat Contessa acquiesced with a sigh, while she muttered a wish never to have exchanged the *pulci* of Rome for the *zanzari* of Naples; the former being so much the more endurable of the two.

But all our grievances were forgotten, as we found ourselves in the open air, and the whole exquisite scene lay before us. The moon casting a flood of light, most brilliant yet mellow and soft, on the bay, and Vesuvius in the distance; making the little towns of Resina, La Torre, and L'Annunziata, look like a line of silver, encircling its base.

To add to the charm of the hour, a light breeze began to spring up from the sea. The Contessina S— and I took off our scarves in order to enjoy the fresh air to the utmost, while the rest of the ladies, took possession of the marble benches that stood around.

"What a beautiful *salle de bal* this would make," I said, as I looked on the *terrazzino* on which we were standing; the dark foliage of the villa tipped with silver, extended beneath it, and the bright water beyond. "Prince C—, as you are *si bien en cour*, could not you persuade his *Maesta* to give us a *fete champetre* in the villa, what a scene of enchantment it would be, illuminated *alla Napolitana*, with lamps of all colours—all the *beau monde* of Naples; *lions* and *lionesses* tamed for the occasion, promenading in the avenues; superlatives laid beneath the trees, and Strauss or Lanner setting all the world dancing mad."

The lively imaginations of our *earaliери* fired at the idea, and they insisted on a *giro di valsa* by way of experiment. "If the stones were less smooth than the *parquet* of the *accademia*, *en revanche* there was more air to breathe and less danger of kicks." All objections were overruled;—Prince C—, with his usual good nature, undertook to act orchestra (*i. e.* whistle a *valse*); and ere we had time to remonstrate, Donna Giacinta and myself were whirling round with two of the best *valsers* of the land of "*deux tems*," and dancing, *par excellence*.

Baron D— and young L—, determined not to be left to "*tener il moccolo*," that *ne plus ultra* of Italian victimization, danced together; the *chaperons* looking on in amazement, and the Contessa S— exclaiming, "that the *ragazze* were certainly mad."

When at last sheer exhaustion compelled us to stop, it was unanimously agreed that never was anything so delightful as a *valse* on a terrace, at midnight, beneath the rays of the moon. So ended the night of the *Santa Brigida*.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

HARVEY AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

It has not unfrequently happened that, at wide intervals of time, certain speculative or inquiring minds have had glimpses of a truth—of some great natural fact. They have seen an effect, without being able to trace it to a cause—a portion of an outline, of which they were unable to make a finished picture. A long descent through many brains has seemed to be necessary for the entire elaboration of the principle; and although there may be something grand and startling in the discoveries which at times flash upon the world as the result of hazard, yet those which have been the work of thought, observation, deduction, and experiment, carried on laboriously through many years, forcing their way, as it were, into existence, are not less worthy of our respect and admiration.

The history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood by our countryman Harvey, presents itself as an interesting illustration of the views here thrown out. Constituting, as it did, a fact of the highest importance in the human economy, giving a new form and purpose to physiological science, it nevertheless met with the usual fate of great truths, being received with ridicule, jealousy, and detraction.

William Harvey was born at Folkstone, in Kent, on the 2d of April 1578. He acquired the elements of learning at a school in Canterbury, and finished his education at Cambridge. Eldest of a family of nine, he was the only one who manifested any inclination for science. Having determined on devoting himself to medicine, he set out, at the age of nineteen on his travels to France and Germany, visiting the principal anatomical schools on his way to Italy, in which country he studied anatomy for some years under the celebrated Aquapendente, founder of the school of Padua. Harvey devoted himself zealously to this pursuit. Before his time, anatomy had been nothing more than a speculative science, distorted by many absurd and superstitious notions; and the hindrances opposed to the dissection of the human subject, proved a formidable impediment to more accurate or rational researches.

Aquapendente had noticed the valves of the veins in his dissections, but it does not appear that he had any idea of their real use or importance. The sight of these was doubtless the cause of Harvey's investigations, and moved him, as he says, to write, 'to find out the use of the motion of the heart; a thing so hard to be attained, that, with Frascatorius, he believed it known to God alone.' He goes on to say—'Almost all anatomists, physicians, and philosophers to this day, do affirm, with Galen, that the use of pulsation is the same with that of respiration, and that they differ only in one thing—that one flows from the animal faculty, and the other from the vital, being alike in all other things, either as touching their utility or manner of motion.' It is evident that he was not unwilling to do justice to the labours of his predecessors, for elsewhere to use his own words, he is thinking 'to unfold such things as have been published by others; to take notice of those things which have been commonly spoken and taught, that those things which had been rightly spoken may be confirmed, and those which are false, both by anatomical dissection, manifold experience, and diligent and accurate observation, may be amended.'

Once on the track, Harvey followed it up with unflinching perseverance: new facts came to light, and cheered him on with the hope of ultimate success. 'Observing,' he remarks, 'the valves in the veins of many parts of the body so placed as to give free passage to the blood towards the heart, but to oppose the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, I imagined that so provident a cause as nature had not thus placed so many valves without design.'

At length Harvey believed he 'had hit the nail on the head;' and having be-

come a Fellow of the College of Physicians at the age of thirty, he was appointed professor in 1616, when he commenced a course of lectures, and for the first time modestly announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. Content to go no farther for a time than in the hints thrown out, he waited with patience, until time had fully matured his views, before he gave them to the world. In the year 1628, when he was fifty years old, his researches were first published at Frankfurt, in a small quarto volume, entitled *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, dedicated to Charles I. In this work, as has been truly observed, 'Harvey, by his genius, followed nature in her windings, and forced her to unveil herself.' Scarcely one of the proofs which demonstrate the circulation escaped his researches; he showed it not only in certain parts, but followed it to its recesses—to the liver—where other anatomists had lost themselves. His book is one of the rare essays which exhaust the subject; it is short and comprehensive, clear and profound, dictated by reason and experience.

He had diligently and perseveringly extended his inquiries beyond the human subject, with a view to verify his facts by comparison. The king, who, with all his errors, entertained enlightened views on science generally, placed at his physician's disposal the deer in the royal park near London; and in addition to these, the zealous anatomist minutely examined the hearts of other mammalian animals, as well as of birds and fishes. His book contains an explanation, in clear and concise language, of the general mechanism of the circulation, and incontestable proofs of the truth of his theory. His own words will best convey the certainty and accuracy of his views. In the chapter on the action and office of the heart, he remarks—'First of all, the ear (as the auricle was then called) contracts itself, and in that contraction throws the blood with which it abounds, as the head-spring of the veins, and the cellar and cistern of blood, into the ventricles of the heart.' After its passage through the lungs and body, 'it returns to the heart, as to the fountain or dwelling-house of the body; and there again, by natural heat, powerful and vehement, it is melted, and is dispensed again through the body. The pulse of the arteries is nothing but the impulsion of blood into the arteries.'

Harvey's biographer, Dr. Friend, writing on the discovery observes—'As it was entirely owing to him, so he has explained it with all the clearness imaginable; and though much has been written on that subject since, I may venture to say his own book is the shortest, plainest, and most convincing of any.' We find the celebrated Boyle, who was contemporary with Harvey, not less candid. He remarks in his philosophical works—'Late experiments having shown the use of the blood's circulation, and of the valves in the heart and veins (which the famous Dr. Harvey told me, gave him the first hint of his grand discovery,) we at length acknowledge the wisdom of the contrivance, after it had escaped the search of many preceding ages.'

The extreme care with which Harvey must have pursued his inquiries, may be best understood by what is perhaps the most striking phenomenon in his important discovery—that of the independent motion and life of the blood itself. He noticed the gradual cessation of movement in the ventricles and arteries in dying animals, and goes on to say—'But besides all these, I have often observed, that after the heart itself, and even its right ear, had, at the very point of death, left off beating, there manifestly remained in the very blood which is in the right ear an obscure motion, and a kind of inundation and beating.'

It might be supposed that a discovery of this nature presented nothing to shock the prejudices, or disturb the interests, of any portion of the community. Yet, as remarked in Wotton's Reflections, 'a great many put in for the prize, unwilling that Harvey should go away with all the glory.' A host of those who are 'always ready to combat facts by reasoning,' fell upon him. He was overwhelmed with contradictions from the learned, and neglected by the public generally; and as soon as his claims were contested, his practice as a physician materially diminished. Such was the acrimony of his opponents, that he was denounced to the king as guilty of improper dissections; an accusation which, had he not enjoyed the favour of the sovereign, might have been attended with fatal consequences, in a day when violent prejudices prevailed against experiments on the human subject. Many asserted that the discovery was nothing new; that it had been known long before: others contended for the honours as due to themselves; and some referred it to Hippocrates, from whom Harvey was said to have stolen it.

The ancients, in reality, knew neither the theory nor the laws of the circulation. They entertained the most absurd ideas on many physiological and anatomical points relative to this phenomenon, and were altogether ignorant of the important part played by the lungs in this great function. The Chinese were said to have been acquainted with the movement of the vital fluid from time immemorial; an assertion which appears to have solely rested on the attention always paid to the pulse by that singular people. Hippocrates is the earliest author who makes any allusion to the subject; he speaks obscurely of the usual motion of the blood and distribution of the veins. Plato represented the heart as a species of divinity, that poured out blood to every member of the body; and Aristotle, who uses the word *arteria* for *windpipe*, speaks of a recurrent motion of the blood, comparing it to the ebbing and flowing of the sea in the well-known channel of Euripus: these opinions were, however, founded on mere conjecture, not on actual demonstration. Galen, who believed that the veins originated in the liver, endows the body with 'three kinds of spirits, natural, vital, and animal, corresponding to the same number of faculties or functions.' The seat of the natural was in the liver, for the growth and support of the body; the vital he assigned to the heart, for the development and carrying about of heat; and placed the animal in the head, as the source of sensation and motion. The arteries were supposed to be nothing more than passages for air and 'spirit,' as after death they were found empty; from which circumstance they derive their name. Cicero, in his treatise, *De Natura Deorum*, has the phrase—'Sanguis per venas, et spiritus per arterias.'

These doctrines prevailed until the time of Servetus, who, better known as a theologian than as a physician, fell a victim to the religious fanaticism of the Calvinists of Geneva. His writings contain many remarkable facts; among others, a description of the pulmonary circulation, with which it appears he was imperfectly acquainted. His suppositions, however, were not founded on actual experiment. Like Galen, he made the body the abode of three spirits; one of which, the aerial spirit or *pneuma*, was seated in the heart and arteries. After Servetus, Columbus, a physician of Cremona, threw further light on the circulation through the lungs, yet he remained entirely ignorant of the part played by the arteries. To him we are nevertheless indebted for a description of the uses of the valves of the heart. He was followed by Casalpini, first physician to Pope Clement VIII., who held some clear views on the subject; but being continually engaged in scholastic disputes, his allusions to it are, in most cases, incidental and obscure; and notwithstanding his verification of the labours of his predecessor, his works abound in glaring errors. With the excep-

tion of applying a ligature, below which he noticed the swelling of a vein, he appears to have added nothing new to the theory of the circulation.

Amid all this ignorance of the true functional action, the wildest speculations prevailed. The heart was taken as an oracle, and its beats were listened to as prophetic. Some contended that the use of the veins was merely to keep the blood in equilibrium, and prevent undue accumulation in any part of the body. Others, again, bewildered themselves with calculations on the power of the heart, and believed that it exerted a force equal to 3,000,000 of pounds; a notion speedily combated by a third power, who proved, to their own satisfaction, that the power did not exceed eight ounces. Although modern science has stripped off these marvellous attributes from what Seneca calls 'the material soul of living bodies,' and made it a hydraulic machine, yet we find no less cause for wonder and admiration at its mysterious powers.

To return to Harvey. It was for removing this mass of error, for laying bare the most admirable mechanism the world has yet seen, that he was assailed by the envious and ignorant from every quarter. How well he did his work, we learn from Jenty, according to whom, he 'with indefatigable pains, traced the visible veins and arteries throughout the body, in their whole progress from and to the heart, so as to demonstrate, even to the most incredulous, not only that blood circulates through the lungs and heart, but the very manner how, and the time in which that great work is performed.' To this 'indefatigable pains' we doubtless owe the six large diagrams, of the size of life, still preserved in the College of Physicians, showing all the blood-vessels of the human body; and prepared with such nicety, as to display distinctly the semilunar valves at the entrance of the aorta, by which he used to illustrate his lectures. The delivery of these lectures, however, involved him in much suffering and loss. In the confusion and riots of the civil war, his house in London was pillaged and burnt, with many valuable papers, whose destruction was irreparable, and caused him constant regret. 'In the eyes of his contemporaries, he was looked upon only as a dissector of insects, frogs, and other reptiles.' And on the authority of Aubrey, we learn that Harvey said 'that, after his book of the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. . . . 'Twas believed by the vulgar he was cockbrained; and all the physicians were against his opinion, and annoyed him.'

The persecution of Harvey appears to have been prompted only by the mean passions of his contemporaries. No other motive is obvious; for it is difficult to see in what way 'the craft' was endangered. In his case, however, as in many others, it almost appeared as if men had some strong personal interest in keeping back the truth, so eagerly did they exert themselves to resist it. Carver, rector of the academy of Perpignan, wrote a thesis against the doctrine. It was also attacked with great virulence by Dr. Primrose, and by Riolan, the celebrated French anatomist. Harvey nevertheless found friends. Folli, physician at the court of the Medici, the first to attempt the transfusion of blood, was an ardent propagator of his theory. In his own country, he gained a powerful advocate in Sir George Ent, who published a book in his favour. The 'momes and detractors' were also replied to in temperate language by Harvey himself. He says—'I think it a thing unworthy of a philosopher, and a searcher of the truth, to return bad words for bad words; and I think I shall do better, and more advised, if, with the light of true and evident observations, I shall wipe away those symptoms of incivility.' To those who taunted him with being nothing more than a dissector of insignificant reptiles, he replied, with as much truth as impressiveness, 'If you will enter with Heraclitus, in Aristotle, into a work-house (for so I call it) for inspection of viler creatures, come hither, for the immortal gods are here likewise; and the great and Almighty Father is sometimes more conspicuous in the least and most inconsiderable creatures.'

Harvey attended the king in his journeys during part of the civil war, and was present at the battle of Edgehill. He afterwards retired to London, in the neighbourhood of which city he passed the remainder of his days. In his seventy-fifth year he built and endowed a library and museum for the College of Physicians. He died in June 1657, at the age of seventy-nine, but not before the truth of his doctrines had been generally recognized; and his own professional brethren were proud to do him funeral honours. He was buried at Hempstead, where a handsome monument, surmounted by a marble bust, was placed over his grave by the College of Physicians. It was said of him that 'his candour, cheerfulness, and goodness of heart were conspicuous in his whole life, as well as in his writings, and exhibit a worthy pattern for future imitation;' and that one of his noblest characteristics was love for his profession, and a desire for the maintenance of its honour.

What a striking commentary do these facts afford on the ignorance and selfishness of society! How easily have the many suffered themselves to be led by the interested few, whose motives were too often of the most despicable character. This is the more to be wondered at, as experience, if not policy, might have dictated the question, *cui bono*? How was this answered in Harvey's case? Hobbes says of him, he 'is the only man I know, that, conquering envy, hath established a new doctrine in his lifetime'—and yet twenty-five years elapsed before this was accomplished. For a quarter of a century had this great truth to struggle against the malice, jealousy, and stupidity of its enemies, who denied the discoverer's claim to originality, with as little reason as those who disputed Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites, on the ground that a Dutchman had previously invented a telescope. Mankind, however, have always been prone to persecute new truths; whether they shall continue to do so, depends greatly on the present generation.

Harvey's reputation has now nothing to fear. The circulation of the blood is universally admitted to be the first great discovery after the promulgation of the Baconian method; and though giants in mind have lived since, with all the facilities which use and example in the inductive method have given, only one greater and more complete discovery—the discovery of gravitation—has ever been made.

CASTES.

The Portuguese applied the word *castas*, (termed by the natives *varnas*, or colours), to the social divisions into which they found the Hindoo population distributed. Such division is of remote antiquity, and, as still exercising an important influence over millions of human beings, is well worthy of notice, especially as exaggerated and erroneous notions respecting it have long prevailed.

The origin of the institution is lost in fable. The only four pure castes which are acknowledged by the Hindoos are, in their traditions, said to have proceeded from different parts of the body of Brahma, according to their importance. 1st, the *Brahmins* (scripture) proceeded with the Veda from his mouth; 2d, the *Kshatriyas* (protection), or soldiers, from his arms; 3d, the *Vaisnyas* (wealth), or merchants and husbandmen, from thighs; 4th, the last and lowest class, the *Sudras* (labour), or artisans and labourers, from his feet. Besides these, many mixed or impure classes have originated from the intermarriages

between the castes, and also from the degradation of those who, by crime, and sometimes trivial faults, have forfeited their privilege of appertaining to the pure caste. Still, to the several secondary castes are usually consigned various peculiar employments; some few, however, as that of a merchant or soldier, being open to all classes. Another important feature is, that the caste itself, as well as the employment attached to it, is hereditary; so that a man is by no means permitted to change or choose his occupation as circumstances or the bent of his genius may dictate, but must confine himself to the pursuit of that which his ancestors have been accustomed to follow.

The Brahmin caste, which furnishes the priesthood, stands pre-eminently first, and is fortified by such remarkable privileges, as could only have originated in those enjoying them having direct interest in their bestowal. The Brahmin is the exclusive expounder of the law and possessor of knowledge. The most profound submission must be paid him: his deepest sins must be glazed over; while his malediction may entail injury on the gods themselves. Offerings to him are inculcated as a primary religious duty; and the rich can in nowise so well testify their gratitude to Providence, as in ministering to his support. From all tax or state contribution he is exempted. The *Institutes of Menu*, the sacred law-book of the Hindoos, contains numerous injunctions for honouring the Brahmins:—'Let the king, having risen at early dawn, attend to Brahmins learned in the three Vedas, and by their decision let him abide. . . . A Brahmin, learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity. . . . Never shall the king slay a Brahmin, though convicted of all possible vices: let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure, and his person unharmed.' 'I have seen,' says Mr. Ward, 'the poor besotted Sudra prostrate himself at the feet of the nearest Brahmin, and, raising his head, and closing his hands, exclaim, "you are my God!" At the same time the character of the Brahmin,' says the Abbe Dubois, 'lives but for himself. Bred in the belief that the whole world is his debtor, and that he himself is called upon to make no return, he conducts himself, in every circumstance of his life, with the most absolute selfishness. He will see an unhappy wretch perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if he belong to another caste, and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life. He has been taught from his infancy to regard all other classes of men with the utmost contempt, as beings created but for the purpose of serving him, and supplying all his wants; so that we must not be surprised at his haughtiness, self-love, and pride, or at his contempt for other men, of whom the Brahmins never speak among themselves without adding some ignominious epithet, or expression of scorn.'

So numerous a caste as that of the Brahmins could not hope for an equal share of power and prosperity; hence, to meet emergencies, they are allowed to employ themselves in the practice of the learned professions—as merchants, in tillage, to enlist as soldiers, or even to perform menial offices for wages. Although still much honoured in India, their influence has undergone a marked diminution; to which the prevalence of other sects, and of schisms among themselves, have greatly contributed. Of their present state, Professor Wilson, in his *Notes to Mill's India*, thus speaks:—'In modern times, the Brahmins, collectively, have lost all claim to the character of a priesthood. They form a nation following all kinds of secular avocations; and where they are met with in a religious capacity, it is not as Brahmins merely, but as being the ministers of temples, or the family gurus, or priests, of the lower classes of people—officers by no means restricted, though not frequently extended, to the Brahminical caste.'

The Kshatriyas, or soldier caste—probably from the peaceable disposition of the Hindoos—is said to have become extinct. It furnished the nominal sovereign; all real power being, however, lodged in the hands of the Brahmins. The Vaisyas do not require any particular notice. The three castes now mentioned were considered honourable, and as carefully to be distinguished from the Sudra, or lowest caste, which was considered degraded or infamous. All the other classes may become regenerated by the Veda; but the old Hindoo law condemned to death the Sudra who presumed to peruse it. He is to be considered as the servile attendant upon the other castes, especially upon the Brahmin, whom he is taught to look up to with a feeling little short of adoration. 'For contumelious language to a Brahmin, a Sudra must have an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red-hot into his mouth; and for offering to give instruction to priests, hot oil must be poured into his mouth and ears.' The Sudra may follow various arts and employments besides those of a menial character—as carpentry, writing, trade, husbandry, &c. The *Institutes* are peremptory in directing the degradation of this caste. 'No collection of wealth must be made by a Sudra, even though he has the power, since a servile man who has amassed riches gives pain even to Brahmins. If a Sudra gives much and frequent molestation to a Brahmin, the magistrate shall put him to death. Let not a Brahmin give advice, nor what remains from his table, nor clarified butter, of which a part has been offered, nor let him give spiritual counsel to such a man, nor inform him of a legal expiration of his sin: surely he who declares the law to a servile man, and he who instructs him in the mode of expiating sin, sinks with that very man into the hell called Asamreta.'

However the theoretical division into four castes may have been devised or desired by the original Hindoo legislators, the numerous provisions and injunctions concerning mixed and impure castes contained in the *Institutes of Menu*, composed several centuries before the Christian era, prove that, at a very early period, such restrictions were found impracticable; and thus, at the present day, the great mass of the Indian population belong to these impure castes. The offspring of inter-marriages between persons of different classes belonged to the caste of neither parent, but entered into an impure caste, determined by the relative position in society which the parents held; further intermarriages between these impure castes produced other subdivisions; until the number of castes has become so multiplied and complex, that persons even who have resided in India for a long time are unacquainted with them all. There are, however, twelve well-known and defined impure castes, whence the others have proceeded. The Sanscrit authorities themselves are at variance as to the number of secondary castes; some being mentioned by one and omitted by another. They vary also in their enumeration of the various occupations attached to each of these. 'Besides,' says Mr. Colebrooke, 'the particular occupation assigned to each of the mixed classes, they have the alternative of following that profession which regularly belongs to the class from whence they derive their origin on the maternal side. They are also permitted to subsist by any of the duties of a Sudra—by menial service, handicraft, commerce, or agriculture.' Many of these castes were, say the Hindoo laws, directed by one of the good kings to arts and manufactures—'thereby providing for the increased wants of society, and removing a pest from its surface.' The regulation of the marriages between these impure castes becomes a matter of great importance, and genealogy, on this account, is, among the Hindoos, a very favourite subject of study. 'The multiplicity of castes,' says Professor Wilson, 'is not the enactment of any code, though it may be remotely the effect. It is the work of the

people, among the most degraded of whom prevails not the shame, but the pride of caste. The lowest native is no outcast; he has an acknowledged place in society; he is the member of a class; and he is invariably more retentive of the distinction than those above him.' The ranks of these impure castes are augmented also by all those who have become degraded, from any cause, from their proper class—who have, as it is termed, lost caste. Caste may be lost in many ways; as the eating forbidden food, or such as has been prepared by impure persons, or in improper places—as on shipboard; the drinking strong drinks, neglecting funeral ceremonies, the slaying of an animal of the cow kind, or a man in battle (a Brahmin is, however, allowed to kill his enemy in battle), and many trifling circumstances.

Of all the mixed classes that of the *Pariahs* has attracted most attention, whether from their vast numbers—roughly computed by Dubois at a fifth of the population of Hindostan—or from the detestation in which they are held, and the cruel treatment they are subjected to by the other classes, especially in the south of India. A more abject state of slavery cannot be imagined; and the consequent degradation of its victims gives rise to their indulging many disgusting and immoral practices, which, by a common mistake, have been sometimes assigned as a reason for their ill-treatment. The mere sight of a Pariah is considered a defilement by the upper classes; and if a Brahmin has the calamity to touch one involuntarily, he is only freed from the evil consequences by numberless purifications and endless ceremonies. Many of these miserable beings sell themselves and families, and have to drag out their lives amid the severest toil and unremitted menial service. Of late, however, Pariahs have been admitted into the European and native armies, where they often prove good soldiers, and even rise to distinction. There are several castes still lower than that of the Pariah scattered over different parts of India. Many of these have no fixed habitations, and are forbid to frequent towns or highways; others roam the country upon predatory excursions, acting as spies, robbers, or watchmen as the case may be. The salt-bearers, serpent-charmers, &c. belong to these lowest castes, from these are chosen the only persons who will consent to act as executioners.

Another division of the low castes is into *left-hand* and *right-hand castes*: the former pretending to superiority, as occupying the left hand, or place of honour, of the goddess Kali; the latter aspiring to the exclusive use of certain emblems. The left-hand caste contains the five castes of artisans, and other mean tribes of Sudras; as also the most infamous caste—that of the Cobblers. The right-hand caste contains some higher Sudras, but also embraces the Pariah. Contentions, and even outrages of a serious character, frequently attend the struggles for pre-eminence. 'I have frequently witnessed,' says Mr. Ward, 'instances of these popular insurrections excited by disputes between the two bands, and pushed to such an extreme fury that the presence of a military force had no effect in allaying them.' Many observers have believed that traces of a similar institution can be detected as having existed among the inhabitants of various countries. The subdivision of labour, which forms part of it, may, it is true, denote the first stage of an approaching civilisation, which all nations emerging from barbarism arrive at; but this necessity preliminary must not be confounded with a system which forbids choice of occupation, defends its artificial classification of employments as a religious dogma, and, above all, insists that this shall be hereditary. Caste, however, even in its strict acceptation, probably prevailed among the ancient Egyptians. The priesthood, soldiers, husbandmen, and artificers seem to have constituted the four principal castes or classes; and an inferior one, comprehending menials, fishermen, and herdsmen, was held in the greatest contempt—the tending cattle and swine being considered as the most infamous occupation of all. According to Regnier, vestiges of such division still exist. De Goguet also asserts that, in the Assyrian empire, the people were distributed into a number of tribes, and that the son was not allowed to quit the occupation of the father, and embrace another. Many passages from the classics have been quoted to show that some such division existed among the ancient Greeks; and Duperrin quotes a passage from Zendar-esta to prove that castes existed among the ancient Persians. Mill sees considerable analogy between the Druids of ancient Britain and the Brahmins of India. Professor Millor, too, observes that our Saxon ancestors were divided into four classes—artificers or tradesmen, husbandmen, the profession of arms, and the clergy. The analogy in all these cases is very weak; those very essential points of difference being overlooked which form the key for the explanation of why, apparently, the same stage of civilisation which proved to one people but the first step to progressive and unlimited improvement, proves to another a barrier beyond which it cannot pass.

But not only are the traces of the existence of caste among other nations very obscure, and often very fanciful, but among the Hindoos themselves the operation of the institution is of much less practical importance than, from the accounts we read, we should have been prepared for. A critical writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, many years ago, intimated his doubts upon this subject in the following passage:—'Indeed the natural operation of such an institution is so diametrically opposite to, and incompatible with, the strongest principles of our nature, that we are inclined to believe its existence in a perfect state is altogether ideal; and even if it had ever been comparatively carried into practice the baneful effect would have been so immediate, that the total annihilation of public spirit and enterprise would have been the inevitable consequence.' Even prior to the *Institutes of Menu*, the distinction of caste had practically proved inoperative; for Sudras had reigned as kings, and instances of depression of the other classes were not rare. In the present day, such examples are still common: even Sudra dynasties have been formed; and a poor Brahmin has been glad to gain subsistence by cooking the food of a rich Sudra. In fact the Brahminical office seems alone secure from intrusion; but the Brahmin himself may descend to any occupation not absolutely infamous. Mr. Ward observes, that 'although the Hindoos give one another credit, as a matter of convenience, for being in possession of caste, and though there may be an outward, and, in the higher orders, an insolent show of reverence for its rules, if the matter were to be searched into, and the laws of caste were allowed to decide, scarcely a single family of Hindoos would be found in the whole of Bengal whose caste is not forfeited. This is well known, and generally acknowledged.' Mr. Rickards, who has paid much attention to this subject, declares that, however such distinctions may have once prevailed, when the inhabitants of India were in small numbers, and possessed of slight energy, they no longer practically exist; and he insists upon the urgent necessity of disabusing the public mind upon this score, seeing that erroneous views in the government of this people have often prevailed, in consequence of the belief of this incapacity of improvement, owing to the prevalence of caste. He says: 'The great mass of Hindoos throughout India consists of mixed tribes of innumerable denominations, and tied down by no restraints which are not imputable to poverty, ignorance, and despotic power; and which the diffusion of knowledge and liberal institutions would speedily dispel. . . . I have myself seen carpenters of five or six different castes, and as

many different bricklayers, employed upon the same building. The same diversity of castes may be observed among the craftsmen of the dockyards, and all other great works; and those who have resided for any considerable time in the principal commercial cities of India, must be sensible that every increasing demand for labour, in all its different branches and varieties, has been speedily and effectually supplied in spite of the institution of castes. He also asserts that the same misery and indigence prevail among the Mussulman portion of India as the Hindoo, and refers it to other causes, to which we cannot now allude. He cites Bishop Heber's journal, as proving the great willingness of the Hindoos for engaging in, and their capability of executing, the various descriptions of employment.

It is nevertheless very certain that great evils are still experienced in India from the caste system, modified as it is. We believe they are not to be removed by any sudden or violent proceedings on the part of those who have the direction of the interests of our fellow-creatures in that extraordinary and interesting country. They will give way, as indeed they are doing, before the spread of intelligence, the increasing intercourse with Europeans, and the diffusion of the principles of that religion whose essential basis is the equality of mankind, and the importance of the individual in the eyes of his Maker, however mean he may seem in those of his fellow-creatures. Until the opinion which still prevails of the moral distinction between castes succumbs before the progress of knowledge and religion, Europeans residing in India should be cautious how they treat the customs they find established with ridicule and contempt; for benefit will never result from hurting the feelings of those whose ignorance deprives them of the sources of enlightenment open to us; while a sense of wounded vanity, or mistaken piety, may produce a dogged adherence to the customs of their ancestors, and may shut their ears to future conviction.

Miscellaneous Articles.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S UNCOMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

The *Times*, which shares with *Punch* a deservedly high repute for facetiousness, has this morning an amusing paper touching Dr. Blore's report on Buckingham Palace. We extract some passages. "In the first place, the private apartments of the Queen and the Prince in the North wing 'were not calculated originally for a married Sovereign.' What could the architect have been about when he designed to accommodate the occupant of the throne in 'lodgings for a single man' or a single woman? What right had he to presume on the celibacy of the wearer of the crown, and provide apartments not fitted, according to Mr. Blore's report, for the accommodation of 'the head of a family?' What is enough for one is very often not enough for two; and we can sympathize with the Royal pair, who have been 'managing' for the last few years in a small suite of rooms only designed for unmarried lady or gentleman. In addition, however, to the insufficiency of space, it appears that the Queen and the Prince have been undergoing the further infliction of living over a workshop! The Lord Chamberlain, it seems, has his smith and upholstery establishment, where he is constantly boiling his glue and carrying on other offensive operations, immediately under the private apartments of the Sovereign. We have no patience with Mr. Blore's calmness when he talks of the 'obvious impropriety' of the 'arrangement.' He, however, warms up a little under the recollection of the great truth, which he lays down with considerable force and distinctness, that oil and glue are 'both of them inflammable substances.'

"The second grievance brings us to the distressingly contracted state of the Royal nursery. It seems that 'a few rooms in the attics of the North wing are all the nursery accommodation available 'to meet the growing wants of an increasing family.' The rapid succession of 'happy events' must, of course, have materially added to the inconvenience existing in this particular portion of the Palace. Some of the servants have accordingly been dislodged from their attics and packed in small compartments on the ground-floor, where one room has been cut down into two 'by the assistance of a false ceiling.' This shocking but ingenious contrivance reminds us of the system of stowing away the Blacks in slave-vessels.

"The third grievance relates to the want of accommodation for the Lord Chamberlain; who, notwithstanding that he is perpetually hammering and boiling glue under her Majesty's private rooms, has not sufficient scope for his extensive operations. We were not aware that the Lord Chamberlain's department included so much carpenter's business in ordinary and smith's work in general. The ignorant in these matters might imagine that the workshop so near the person of the Sovereign may have something to do with the making or repairing of the Cabinet. It seems, however, that so extensive is the business of the Lord Chamberlain in the upholstery line, that he keeps up branch concerns in St. James's Palace and in 'still more remote quarters.' Where can these 'quarters' be that are even more 'remote' than St. James's Palace?

"The culinary department is the next to which the report refers, in language so strong as to declare, that 'the kitchen has defeated every attempt to prevent its being a nuisance to the Palace.' The obstinacy of the cuisine, which has triumphed over every attempt to keep it down, must have been indeed remarkable. We presume that odours of stews and hashes were the weapons by which the defeat alluded to has been accomplished. The kitchen must have carried its sauce to a fearful height thus to have flown into the very face of the Sovereign!

"The reception of illustrious guests is another most important matter referred to in the report, which tells us there is but one suite of apartment that her Majesty can offer to distinguished visitors. Thus it happens, that if two great potentates should arrive in England at the same time on a visit to the Queen, as their Majesties of Russia and Saxony did, there is only a spare bed for one of them!"

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

We had not proceeded far, when we were met by an advanced guard of soldiers, preceding a convoy of sick and wounded men, carried on *prolonges*, a sort of long wagon used for the conveyance of forage. We counted ten waggons, each of which contained about thirty men, who were transferred from the hospital of Mederh to that of Blidah. The waggons were followed by a train of mules, laden with *cacolets*, in which were sick officers proceeding on the same destination, availing themselves of the escort of the convoy. What a sad spectacle was this! three hundred brave men, mutilated and worn out by fatigue and suffering, not even permitted to die tranquilly in an hospital bed. I was assured that every day fresh convoys were pursuing the same route; and if the men do not speedily recover or die, they are removed to make room for others; thus encountering the fatigue of another long journey, to be transferred to another hospital. The consequence is, that these invalids frequently perish on the road. The last wagon of the convoy we passed contained the dead bodies of two unfortunate men, who had perished by being exposed to the chill air of

the defiles, and their fevered and shivering comrades seemed to envy their fate. I was deeply moved at the sight of these poor fellows as the waggons drove slowly past us. Their features were drawn, their eyes wild, their clothes tattered; but, in spite of all this misery and suffering, each one grasped his musket. The condition of these convoys of sick and wounded must be dreadful indeed, when they are detached from an expedition on a march. In such cases, before they can reach an hospital, they may possibly have to traverse tracts of country occupied by unsubjugated or rebellious Arabs. So that, when not protected by sufficiently strong escorts, these convoys encounter the most dreadful disasters. A column cannot always protect its sick and wounded, who naturally trammel its movements and impede the rapidity of its march. It then becomes necessary to send the invalids to the nearest hospital. A commander has not always a sufficient force to enable him to detach a number of men to an adequate escort for one of these convoys. To avoid a surprise, the invalids are carried on the backs of mules, and are obliged to travel day and night; it thus usually happens that half of them perish on the road. An instance of these convoys being attacked by the Arabs, occurred shortly after the first occupation of Blidah. At a little distance beyond the village of Beni Mered, 20 *prolonges* laden with sick and wounded were surrounded by a multitude of Arabs, and the helpless sufferers were mercilessly butchered. The diseases incidental to the climate are of the most virulent kind, and can be subdued only by violent remedies. Intermitting fever, which yields only to potent doses of quinine, and dysentery checked only by opium, are disorders of constant recurrence in all parts of the French possessions here. Brian fever is also very frequent. Wounds caused by firearms always present a very serious. When limbs are thus wounded, it is generally necessary to resort to amputation. There is always great difficulty in stopping the effusion of blood from wounds received in the very hot season and during the excitement of battle, and this cannot be adequately done on the field. The men are therefore placed on *cacolets*; and after a journey of some days, they at length reach an hospital. The treatment of the patients then becomes a matter of great difficulty. It not unfrequently happens that a second amputation is necessary; and it is fortunate if, even by this extreme remedy, the frightfully rapid progress of gangrene can be arrested. *Algeria in 1815.*

DESERTS OF PERU.

The whole extent of Peruvian coasts, from its northern to its southern extremity, presents nearly the same aspect; vast deserts of sand, varied by fruitful valleys, with their villages and plantations; seaport towns where nature or commerce has encouraged their foundation; alternate insupportable heat and damp fog; scarcity of men; crumbling monuments of a period of riches and greatness. In the sandy plains, it is no unusual occurrence for travellers to lose their way and perish for thirst. In that fervent and unhealthy climate, human strength rapidly gives way before want of food and water. In the year 1823, a transport, carrying a regiment of dragoons, three hundred and twenty strong, stranded on the coast near Pisco. The soldiers got on shore, and wandered for thirty-six hours through the sand-waste, out of which they were unable to find their way. At the end of that time they were met by a number of horsemen with water and food, who had been sent out from Pisco to seek them; but already one hundred and fifty of the unfortunates had died of thirst and weariness, and fifty more expired upon the following day. Forty-eight hours' wandering in those arid deserts, deprived of food and drink, is certain death to the strongest man. Rivers are scarce, and even where the bed of a stream is found, it is in many instances dry during the greater part of the year. The traveller's danger is increased by the nature of the sand, which the wind raises in enormous clouds, and in columns eighty to one hundred feet high. The *medanos* are another strange phenomenon of these dangerous wilds. They are sandhills in the form of a crescent, ten or twenty feet high, and with a sharp crest. Their base is moveable, and when impelled by a tolerable strong wind, they wander rapidly over the desert; the smaller ones, more easily propelled, preceding the large. The latter, however, after a time, prevent the current of air from reaching the former—take the wind out of their sails, it may be said—and then run over and crush them, themselves breaking up at the same time. In a few hours, what was previously a level, is often covered with ranges of hills, hindering a view of the horizon, and bewildering the most experienced wanderers through these perilous regions.—*Tschudi's Travels.*

A FREAK OF FASHION.—Every one must remember, in the Venetian pictures not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar colour of the hair, of every golden tint, from a rich full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue,—or rather not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms or on their heads, in great shining, twisted heaps. I have sometime heard it asked with, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true "*biondina*" tint, could have been always natural? On the contrary, it was oftener artificial—the colour, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural colour by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony, of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat without a crown: the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever, or a *coup de soleil*, I wonder;—and truly of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I knew none more strange than this, unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new natural complexion.—*Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs and Essays.*

AN ATTENTIVE PUPIL.—There was a story, when we were in Heidelberg, going about of a certain student who had a remarkable fine white poodle; the intelligence and sagacity of the animal were uncommon, and as he used daily to accompany his master to the lecture room of the professor, who was not very remarkable for the distinctness of his vision, he would regularly take his seat on the bench beside his master, and peer into his book as if he understood every word of it. One wet morning, the lecture-room—never at any time remarkable for its fulness—was deserted, save by the student who owned the poodle; the dog, however, had somehow happened to remain at home. "Gentlemen," said the short-sighted professor, as he commenced his lecture. "I am sorry to notice that the very attentive student in the white coat, whose industry I have not failed to observe, is, contrary to his usual custom, absent to day!"

The Way to get on in the World.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down: following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly: the minute you pop up your head, off they go

whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you haven't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art: put a couple of pounds of bird-line upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn-door, or the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry an honest, poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff: when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skiver me, and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over again you must be a stick-er. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Campbells are Cowing.—It happened, about the beginning of the last century, when 'rugging and riving' prevailed in the Highlands, that Duncan M'Gregor left his sheep-farm on Lochowside, held farther south, and emigrated with his family and flocks to somewhere about the braes of Doune. Duncan was a man of peace and decorum, punctual in his attendance at kirk and market, and had just returned home from Doune fair when he found his eldest son reading a chapter to his mother. There were no pronouncing dictionaries in those days, at least none of them had as yet reached the way-side school of Drummaich; so Jock blundered on, opened wide his mouth, giving each vowel its broadest sound. It happened that the book of Job was the subject-matter of the reading; but before the son had proceeded far, the father had begun to nod, and the frequent *tasings* of the fair, and the fatigues of his journey, had somewhat conglomerated his ideas. At last the *sough* of the following words struck his ear—'And Job had seven thousand sheep, and there were three thousand camels.' 'Stop, Jock,' said the father; 'come owre that again: how moncy Campbell said ye!' 'Three thousand, father.' 'Seven thousand, father.' 'Aweel, my man, I can tell ye, gin Job's shouthers had been as near the hills as ours were on Lockowside, he wad needed a' his patience; for the first raid o' three thousand Campbells wad hae made a sad hole in the hirsell.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

[From the Union.]

THE PROCLAMATION OF SANTA ANNA.

We publish below a translation from the Mexican papers of this important document, some account of which we gave in yesterday's Union. As an official exposition of the views of Santa Anna in his present position, this proclamation will attract the attention of the country. Its tone, as we observed yesterday, is in some respects different from that of most of the recent official documents from the Mexican government which have fallen under our observation.

The printed copy from which this translation was made was an extra in the Spanish language, dated at Vera Cruz on the 16th August. It was the day on which Santa Anna arrived off Vera Cruz, and entered the town. It seems he lost no time in issuing his *pronunciamiento*.

TRANSLATION.

Address of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, to his countrymen, upon the subject of the plan proclaimed for the real regeneration of the republic.

(Issued at Vera Cruz, August 16, 1846.)

MEXICANS: Called by the people and the garrisons of the departments of Jalisco, Vera Cruz, and Sinaloa, South Mexico, and other points of the republic, I quitted Havana on the 8th instant, at 9 in the evening, with the sole object of coming to aid you in saving our country from its enemies, internal and external. Great has been my joy when, on arriving at this point, I learned that the former had been overthrown by your own forces; and that I was already proclaimed, on all sides, as general-in-chief of the liberating army. A proof of so much confidence will be met by me with the utmost loyalty; but on accepting the plan proclaimed, allow me to enter into some explanations, which I consider necessary, in order to dispel any suspicions founded on a past, the recollections of which are so painful to me.

Desiring to consolidate peace in the interior of the republic, in order to make it flourish and prosper, and to assure by that means the integrity of our immense territory, I devoted all my efforts in consequence of the events of 1834, to establish an administration endowed with vigor and energy, and capable of keeping down the spirit of turbulence and disorder. Without ever going beyond republican forms, I endeavoured for this purpose to support myself on property, on high position, on creeds, and even on the few historical memorials existing in our country, hoping thus to moderate, by the *inertia* of conservative instincts, the vehemence of popular masses. But without ascendancy and prestige, as I was, and the elements assembled by me being viewed with distrust, resistance was made on all sides; which I, however, expected to overcome in time. I call God to witness, that in this I acted with patriotism, with sincerity, and with good faith.

After some years of trial, I began to remark that the republic did not advance; that some departments showed tendencies of separation from the others; and that the public discontent was daily increasing. Wavering then in my convictions, they afterwards lost all their power, when a part of the country had been occupied by strangers, and our national existence of the whole was endangered, I called on the people to the rescue, and they answered me with threats; as if any other misfortune could have been preferable to that in which the country then was placed. Urged by the firm determination that we should be a sovereign and independent people, and knowing, on the other hand, the vast resources on which we could rely for support, I then became convinced that our government, being organized in a manner by no means conformable with the wishes of the nation, and governed by a secondary legislature, not adapted for the advancement of its interests, the people revenged themselves in that way, by seeking for an occasion in which they should be called on to take care of their own good, and to organize their government in the manner which they should consider most proper.

In our time, we have seen another nation, in a similar conflict, employ similar means to oblige its government to promise the representative system, which it was anxious to have established; and when that had been obtained, we have seen its moral apathy changed into heroic enthusiasm, against the foreign invader who endeavoured to subjugate it. Is there anything, therefore, strange in the idea that our people should, in this instance, do as much to recover the full enjoyment of their sovereignty, acknowledged by all governments, though trodden under foot by all, in the practical administration of affairs? On this point I owe to my country, in consideration of the part which I have taken, to declare frankly and honestly, upon this critical and solemn occasion, that it can be saved only by a return to first principles, with entire submission of the minority to the sovereign will of the majority of the nation.

Upon proof so clear and peremptory, of the serious difficulties attending that which I had considered best calculated to secure to the republic respectability abroad, I found it right to recede, and to yield to public opinion, and follow it with the same ardour and constancy with which I had opposed it before comprehending it. To discover the most effective means of raising the spirit of the public, and predisposing it to the war, with which we were threatened on the north, was my employment; and I was beginning to develop the measures for that purpose, when the events of the 6th of December, 1844, occurred, and plunged the republic into the miserable situation in which you now see it.

Expatriated from that time forever from the national territory, with a prohibition to return to it under the hard penalty of death, the obstacle which I was supposed to present to the establishment of an administrative system, conformable with public exigencies, being removed, I believed that the men who had succeeded in placing themselves in my stead, by calling public opinion to their aid in effecting it, would respect that opinion, and summon the nation to organize its government according to its own wishes. Pained, as I was, not to be allowed to take part in the real regeneration of the country, I still most sincerely desired it; because I believed that whilst our political horizon was daily becoming darker, no other means was left to save us.

My prayers for this were redoubled on seeing that in consequence of the development of the invasive policy of the United States, stimulated by the perfidy of the cabinet of General Herrera on the serious question of our northern frontiers, the European press began to indicate the necessity of a foreign intervention in our domestic concerns, in order to preserve us from the ambitious projects of the neighbouring republic. That, however, which raised my uneasiness to the greatest height, was to see in a newspaper of credit and influence, published in the Old World, a proposition made in October last, to bring us back, by force, under the yoke of our ancient masters. My conviction was, nevertheless, still strong, that no Mexican, however weak might be his feeling of attachment for his country, would dare to favour such ideas openly, and still less to recommend them to the consideration of the people.

Meanwhile news reached me of a revolution projected by General Paredes, which revived my hopes; for though he had been the determined enemy of every representative popular government, I supposed that he had altered his opinions, and I honoured him so far as to believe him incapable of advancing schemes for European intervention, in the interior administration of the republic. He succeeded, and his manifesto declaring his adhesion to the plan proposed by the troops quartered at San Luis Potosi, increased my uneasiness, because I clearly saw in it a diatribe against the independence of the nation, rather than the patriotic address of a Mexican general, seeking, in good faith, to remedy the evils of his country. His perverse designs were in fine fully revealed, as well as by his summons (for the assemblage of a Congress) of the 24th of last January, issued in consequence of this revolution, as by the newspapers showing the tendency of his administration to be the establishment of a monarchy under a foreign prince, in the republic.

As one of the principal chiefs of the independence of our country, and the founder of the republican system, I was then indignant at this endeavor of some of its sons to deliver the nation up to the scoffs of the world, and to carry it back to the ominous days of the conquest. I thereupon took the firm determination to come and aid you to save our country from such a stain, and to avoid the horrible consequences of a measure by which its glorious destiny was to be reversed, carrying it back to what it was, and to what it never should be again. To execute this determination was to offer up my blood to any one who, in case of failure, might choose to shed it, in compliance with the terms of the barbarous decree which drove me from the republic; but I preferred to perish in this noble attempt, rather than appear indifferent to the ignominy of my country, and see the countless sacrifices made for our independence and the right to govern ourselves all rendered illusory.

Mexicans: the real objects of those who, while invoking order and tranquillity, have constantly endeavoured to prevent the nation from organizing its government as it chose, have now been laid open; and the time is come when all true republicans of all parties, the body of the people as well as the army, should unite their efforts sincerely, in order to secure entirely the independence of our country, and to place it at liberty to adopt the form of government most suitable to its wishes, each sacrificing his own individual convictions to the will of the majority. How, indeed, can the minority, however wise, opulent, and powerful they may be, pretend to assume to themselves the right to regulate the affairs of the community, or to govern the majority, without an express delegation from the latter, given of their own accord, not presumed nor still less extorted by force? This may be among people who are ignorant of their own rights, and where the want of the means of independent subsistence subjects the many to the few, who have monopolised everything; but it is not to be effected among us, in whom the democratic spirit, in the midst of so many favouring circumstances, has been developing itself for thirty-six years, and now renders imperious and decisive, the necessity of concentrating by practice, the political axiom of the sovereignty of the nation.

This most essential circumstance has been disregarded and despised in all the constitutions hitherto given to the country; and in the only one which has appeared most popular, the antagonism of the principles adopted, has rendered it ineffective; so that democracy which alone can serve as a solid basis for our social edifice, has been unable to develop itself, and thus to afford the peace which is its instinctive law, and the other benefits ineffable, which it produces. Hence the convulsions which have so long agitated us, and of which some European writers have taken advantage, so far, as to depreciate our race; opposing the liberty and independence of the republic; manifesting the necessity of interference, in order to strengthen it against the febrile invasion of the United States; and declaring, in fine, that it would be as easy to conquer Mexico with a portion of the troops now quartered in the island of Cuba, as it was in the time of the native Mexican princes. My blood boils on seeing the contempt with which we are thus treated, by men who either do not know us well, or who, interested in transplanting among us the fruits of their old social systems, and of the times in which they originated, consider America in the same state in which it was during the 16th century. Should any attempt be made, as indicated, to carry these mad plans, into effect, all interests of race would be silenced, and but one voice would be heard throughout the continent. The one hemisphere would then be seen arrayed against the other, and for the disasters which would fall on the rash aggressor who should thus attempt to interfere with the internal administration of other nations, he alone would be responsible.

To pronounce thus against the many nations which form the great Hispano American family, to declare them incapable of enjoying republican institutions, is, in fact, to be ignorant of, or to conceal, what is proved by the testimony of Chili, New Grenada, and Venezuela, in contradiction of such assertions. It is to attribute, no doubt with evil intentions, to men of a certain race, defects of

administrative forms, which, not being entirely democratic, have produced the bitter fruits of the monarchical forms, engrafted on them, without adverting to the fatal influence of the latter on the lot of the others.

To expect, moreover, to strengthen the nation by monarchy, under a foreign prince, is to suppose the existence in it of elements for the establishment and maintenance of that system; or that, wearied by its struggle to conquer its liberty, the nation sighs for European masters, or for any thing else than the peace which alone it wants. Erroneous, most erroneous indeed is this idea. In the efforts of the nation to emancipate itself from the power of the few, who in good or in bad faith, have endeavoured to rule it, in their own way, its democratic tendencies have acquired such a degree of intensity and energy that to oppose them, to attempt to destroy the hopes to which they give birth, by a project such as that advanced, would be to provoke a desperate measure: to endeavour to cure an evil by the means calculated to exasperate it. Fascinated by the example of a nation not yet a century old, and which, under its own government, has attained a degree of prosperity and advantages not enjoyed by those of the Old World, notwithstanding their antiquity and the slow progress of their political systems, our republic aspires only to the management of its own affairs, either by itself, or through representatives in whom it has confidence, in order to develop the vast resources of power and wealth in its bosom.

This being therefore its dominant, its absorbing idea, it would have resisted the other plan with all its might: and if an attempt had been made to change its direction by the employment of foreign bayonets, it would have flown to arms, and war would have burst forth throughout its immense territory, renewing even more disastrously the bloody scenes of 1810, and the succeeding years. From such a state of things the Anglo-American race would have derived great advantage for the progress of its ambitious schemes, or for forming a new republic from our interior departments, by exciting their sympathies and gratitude for the services rendered them in repelling a project no less injurious to itself. This tendency, which has been excited in some departments by disappointment from not obtaining provincial liberties, which they desired, would have become general throughout all; and no force would have been able to restrain them from carrying such views into effect.

On the other hand, the republic being composed for the most part of young men, who have no knowledge of the past, except from the sinister accounts of their fathers, and who, educated with republican ideas, rely with confidence on a government eminently popular to lead their country to prosperity and greatness—where are the internal supports on which the monarchy presented as the means of our salvation can be founded? That which was has disappeared. Habits of passive obedience no longer exist; and if there remains a sentiment of religion, time has undermined the political power of the directors of consciences. An influential aristocracy, so necessary for the permanence of monarchies such as exist in old Europe, the only proper place for institutions of that class, is not to be found, nor can it ever be organized here. In Europe, the misery of the great mass of the overloaded population, which depends on its own labor to obtain what is strictly and merely necessary for its subsistence, in the midst of an industry which is so severely tasked, allows no time to the people to think of their political rights, nor means to free themselves from the tyranny of the patrician families, on whom they depend, all the landed property being in their hands. But no such state of things can be found in the republic; in which all is uncultivated, virgin, rich and fruitful, offering to man, in the utmost abundance, and with the greatest facility, all that he can ask for his labor, all that can lead to that individual independence which favors the development of democratic instincts.

These difficulties being, therefore, of such a nature as to render nearly impossible the establishment of monarchy in our country, attempts have been made, in order to overcome them, to throw the affairs of the republic into the greatest disorder, preventing the organization of its government within, and aggravating the most serious question of our northern frontiers with another nation.

In this manner the faction which fostered that parricide project, having attained the first of its ends by many years of artifices and manoeuvring, next proposed to carry the second into effect, by provoking in a manner almost direct, the government of the United States to aggrandize itself by taking our rich department of Texas, and then advancing into the very heart of our country. To involve our people in the evils of a fearful invasion has been its last resource, in order to force them to accept its painful alternative; obliging them either to become the prey of Anglo-American ambition, or to fly, for the safety of the national existence, to monarchical forms under a European prince.

For this object it was that this party, having the control of the Chambers of 1844-45, refused to the government of that period the appropriations which it asked for maintaining the integrity of the national territory, already seriously jeopardized. It did more, it raised up a revolution, in which the slender allowance made to the government for that object, on its urgent demands, were unblushingly declared to be suppressed; and on its triumph, it scattered the means collected for the war, and hastened to recognise the independence of Texas. The chief of this revolution, who has always acted under the influence of his own fatal inspirations, then appeared again in insurrection at San Luis Potosi, with the force destined for the defence of the frontier; and withdrawing that force to the capital of the republic, he there usurped the supreme power, and began to put in operation his scheme of European intervention in our interior administration, whilst the hosts of Anglo-Americans advancing to take possession, even of the banks of the Rio Bravo. Having at his disposal considerable forces in the capital and the adjoining departments, he allowed the enemy time to advance, without resistance, through our territory, and at length—most tardily—he sent to Matamoras a small body of troops needy and unprovided with anything necessary for conducting the campaign with success. Who can fail to see, in these perfidious manoeuvres, the bastard design of attracting the forces of the enemy to our central territories, in order there to propose to us, in the midst of the conflicts of war, as the only means of safety, the subjection of the republic to servitude, the ignominy of the country, the revival of the plan of Iguaçu—in fine, to return to the government of the vice-roy.

With this object, and for this fatal moment, which every means was employed to hasten, was a Congress assembled, chosen for the purpose, composed only of representatives of certain determined classes forming even a sixth of our population, and elected in a manner, and perfidiously arranged, to secure a number of voices sufficient to place the seal of opprobrium on the nation. Leaving, with scarcely a single representative, the great majority of the nation, the eleven bishops of our dioceses were declared deputies, and our ecclesiastical *cabildos*, were authorized to elect nine others on their parts, giving to the bishops the faculty of appointing such proxies as they might choose, to take their places in case they should not find it convenient to attend in person. Does not this prove

abundantly that a decided endeavor was made to supplant the will of the nation, in order to give some species of authority to this scheme for European intervention in the settlement of internal affairs?

The protestations of republican sentiments, made by General Paredes, after these irrefragable proofs so fully condemning him, were only new acts of perfidy intended to tranquillize the republic to set its suspicions at rest, and to arrange the the occasion for carrying into effect his base designs. He uttered these protestations in the middle of March last, when he saw the public discontent manifest itself against his power and his plans. But what followed? Did he not continue to protect the *Tiempo*, a newspaper established in the capital itself, for the sole object of rendering republican forms odious, and recommending the necessity of a monarchy; advancing every argument which could be supposed calculated to lead astray the good sense of the nation? Did he convene another popular Congress? Did he retract the summons which he had issued in January, placing the fate of the nation at the mercy of the few men who remain among us of the old colonial regime? Every thing continued in the same way, and when the press was prohibited from discussing forms of government, it was in order to give an amnesty to the writers in favor of monarchy, who were then prosecuted by the judicial power, and to encourage them to continue their criminal publications, while silence was imposed on the defenders of the republican system. Meanwhile he hastened by every means in his power the assemblage of the Congress destined to carry into effect his monarchical plan; he concentrated his forces in order to suppress all movements on the part of the people, alarmed by the near approach of such an unpropitious event; abandoning our frontier to the invaders, or rather surrendering them to the enemy, by the reverses which he had prepared and arranged at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

No, Mexicans! let there be no compromise with a party whose conduct has been a tissue of cruel treachery towards our country; have nothing to do with it, however flattering be its promises, and whatsoever the forms with which it may in future invest itself.

In the last convulsions of its agony, it sought to assure its safety by its accursed manoeuvres. It proclaimed principles which it detested. It allied itself with bastard republicans, and exhibited itself as the friend of liberty, in order, by that means, to avoid its just punishment, to maintain itself in power, and to continue to undermine the edifice cemented by the illustrious blood of the *Hidalgos* and *Morelos*.

The fraudulent schemes of the enemies of our country being thus unfolded, and the true source of its misfortunes being laid open to all, the radical remedy of the whole evil consists in putting an end forever to the ruinous control of minorities, by calling on the nation honestly to fix its own destiny, and to secure its territory, its honour, and its welfare. Thus placed in entire liberty to act as it should be, in the midst of the discussions carried on by the press, in the tribune, and even in the streets and squares, it will take into consideration the evils which surround it, and seek the means of resisting them; and satisfied in its desires, mistress of its own fate, it will display the energy peculiar to a free people, will prove equal to the conflicts in which it is to be engaged, and will come out of them, not only honourably, but moreover entirely regenerated. In this way, the administration established, resting on, and springing from public opinion, may display all its organized forces to maintain our territory, instead of quartering them in the central towns, as hitherto, under a government created by seditious movements, constantly at war with the nation, and occupied solely in endeavoring to save itself, without regard for our external dangers.

Fellow-countrymen, never has the situation of the republic been so difficult as at present. Its national existence threatened on one side, on the other an attempt has been made to subject it to the hardest of all lots, the European dominion. Such is the abyss to which we have been brought by the endeavor to govern our young society, according to the system adopted in the old. This, the true cause of the long struggle in which we have been engaged, which has weakened our forces, and by which the interests of the majority have been sacrificed to the extravagant pretensions of a small minority. This state of things must be ended, in compliance with the wishes of the nation; and by opposing to the former, the union of republicans of true faith, the concern of the army and the people. By this union we shall conquer the independence of our country; thus united, we shall confirm it by establishing peace on the solid basis of public liberty; thus united, we shall preserve the integrity of our immense territory.

But now, with regard to the plan proposed for the revolution, it is my honour and my duty to observe, that by limiting the Congress therein proclaimed, to the organization of the system of government, and the determination of what relates to the serious question of our northern frontiers, the provisional government of the nation would find itself required, until the system has been thus organized, to use its own discretion, on all other points. This would be investing the provisional government with a dictatorship, always odious, however imperious might be the circumstances rendering it necessary. I therefore propose, that the said assembly should come fully authorized to determine with regard to all branches of the public administration, which may be of general interest, and within the attributes of the legislative power; the provisional executive of the nation acting with entire submission to its determination.

I consider it moreover, indispensable that a uniform rule be established for the interior affairs of the departments; and that for this purpose the constitution of the year 1824 be adopted, until the new constitutional code be completed. By this means we shall avoid that divergency of opinions, at this critical moment, when uniformity is so much needed; the national will which sanctioned that code will have been consulted, and the executive of the nation will have a guide to follow, so far as the present eccentric position of the republic will allow. I submit both measures to the will of the departments, expressed by the authorities, who may be established in consequence of the revolution; proposing, moreover, that the provisional government of the nation should adopt forthwith the second, as the rule of its conduct, until it be determined otherwise by the majority of the departments, in the form already indicated. The slave of public opinion myself, I shall act in accordance with it, seeking for it henceforth in the manner in which it may be known and expressed, and subjecting myself afterwards entirely to the decisions of the constituent assembly, the organ of the sovereign will of the nation.

Mexicans! there was once a day, and my heart dilates with the remembrance, when leading on the popular masses, and the army, to demand the rights of the nation, you saluted me with the enviable title of *soldier of the people*. Allow me again to take it, never more to be given up; and to devote myself until death, to the defence of the liberty and independence of the republic.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA.

Heroic Vera Cruz, August 19, 1846.

MARRIED.—On Saturday, 12 inst., at St. Johns Church, Staten Island, by the Rev. Thos. Brock, of Guernsey, George B. Morewood to Anne Cooper, daughter of H. L. Roush.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.

Postscript.—The steam ship, *Cambria*, Captain Judkins, arrived at Boston at about 8 o'clock on Friday morning. The intelligence, in a commercial point of view, is of the highest importance.

The price of Cotton has advanced sufficiently to increase the value of one whole crop upwards of five millions of dollars.

There has been an improvement in the prices of Grain with an excellent demand.

One mercantile firm in Limerick, has sent out for a dozen cargoes of Indian corn.

Considerable discussion has taken place in the French journals relative to the recent alterations in the American tariff.

The grain crops have been gathered in the British Island, and the general impression is that wheat will be an average yield. Oats the same. Potatoes, owing to disease, are everywhere a failure.

Hostility continued among the Irish people towards Indian Corn, but increasing intelligence is gradually removing the prejudice.

There never was a time so devoid of intelligence or so devoid of curiosity as this between the two sides of the Atlantic. Whether it be that the steam communication brings the two continents in a kind of collision, and we have actually to wait the development of new pieces of policy. We should be glad to know, but the time of year will not settle the enquiry, whether there be a likelihood of much of American produce being wanted in Europe this season. We should like to know whether cotton will be much higher or lower in price in Europe, we should be glad to be aware whether the Europeans will send over much manufactured produce here, in consequence of the alteration in American tariff, and what effect this will have upon American industry and productions, but all these are in the "womb of time," and slowly they will be unfolded to view. Thus although the Line communication kept the good citizens sometimes on the *qui vive* for six or seven weeks, yet still there came at the end of that time a flood of news which fed the curious, and stimulated their appetite, of great events which had transpired in such a length of time, and partly gave employment to industry, partly occupied the speculative brain of the dweller in "Castles d'Espagne." Thus the steam communication has its evils as well as its good, for we are so up with news that we are left on little to cogitate, and we want the next move to see how it agrees with what has lately been done. But "patience, and shuffle the cards."

We recommend our readers to peruse carefully and patiently the whole Proclamation of Santa Ana, which will be found in another part of this day's Anglo. His style of address is very different from what it has ever been before, his ideas of government are very much altered from what has been hitherto understood of him, being much more popular than was ever believed of him, and his manner of speaking of the United States very dissimilar to any of his previous modes. He will be a good subject for our next discussion.

Fine Arts.

Art Union.—This establishment is once more in full occupation, they have already bought 31 subjects for delivery among the Subscribers including works which have already met with public admiration, such as those of Huntington, Durand, Hinckley, Gignoux, Cranch, Boutell, Ranney, &c. and there are upwards of 50 for sale, by approved Artists. Next week we shall detail the principal subjects of these, but particularly we are sorry to perceive that the *Algine* Subjects painted by Le Clerc and "The Angel's Whisper" by Peele are not yet sold, we cannot with conscience recommend those paintings as worthy the gallery of any person of taste.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

So music is not to be passed by in disregard in the city of New York this winter. We are glad of it, and glad of the emulation which gives rise to the contest of skill and exertion. This is the march of Free Trade, the consequence of competition, things must ever improve and thrive by being placed on the *qui vive*, and the public no less than the exertors will benefit by the enterprise. The cause of solid good music did very well with the sacred music society, and the persons who subscribed thereto were pleased with their pennyworths for their penny, but it was not pushed, it was not natural to push it, just as it was at first constructed it was of course to go on, because there was nothing to urge it forward, and the lovers of sacred music in New York must get that or nothing, because there was nothing else as a substitute for it. But now, Mr. Meiggs, and the talented George Loder take the matter up, and both they and Musical Society get things better up than either would have done if it "had enjoyed the Palm alone." The sacred music is getting up the Handel Oratorios, the Meigg Institute are getting up "the Desert," the Haydon Oratorios, the "Seven Sleepers," &c., and each party has the advantage of good orchestra, good organist, good vocalists, good choruses, *cheap terms*, and the contest *who shall be most effective!* Mr. Hastings is giving sacred music in parts whilst the musical convention is setting; Mr. Loder is bringing out *Mlle. Rachel* and Mr. Hecht; the clever youngsters Bullock and Cole, are performing; the Italian Troupe will be here shortly, and we have already in our city the classical and elegant

Lover, who alone will gratify the tasteful. Surely with these before our expectations, to say nothing of Sivori, who is coming with his wonderful style of violin playing, and of Henry Philipps, and John Wilson, who are talked of, as likely to combine and bring here an English Operatic Strength which would do well here, we have now the prospect of plenty of music in New York, besides the Philharmonic, which can never be overlooked or forgotten, as the most powerful auxiliary which music has ever had here, and the Choral Society which has lived in spite of the neglect of Fashion.

The following will be a brief account of the past week, and henceforth we trust will be a plenteous out-pouring of musical sweetness in this dollar-making city of Gotham. Mr. H. C. Watson has prepared a very useful description of Haydn's "Seasons" and has added a brief biography of the Maestro, as being an appropriate accompaniment to the description.

Mlle. Rachel's Concert.—This affair which has created no little excitement among the dilettante took place on Wednesday last and we must congratulate the fair young debutante both on her well merited success, and the brilliant assemblage who greeted her first appearance and encore her heartily in her English Ballad. She is seventeen years of age, extremely good looking, with a pure *Soprano* voice (not mezzo-soprano, as a talented contemporary has it) of great power and compass. She has been well instructed in the purest of schools, viz.: that school which has produced Schroeder Devrient, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Rischek, and Staudigl; and not the modern screech-owl conservatorio style, which destroys the purity of tone for the sake of unmeaning floriture, and maudlin affectation of sentiment. We can confidently prophesy a brilliant career for this young artist. She was ably supported by Mr. Jules Hecht a baritone singer of very pleasing style, Herr Henckeroth a new violinist of the Spohr school and our old friends Kyle, Boncher, G. Bristow, and George Loder. We shortly hope to hear her in oratorio for which her glorious voice and distinct enunciation are admirably adapted.

The Messiah, by the Society of Sacred Music.—On Wednesday evening, at the Tabernacle the Messiah was performed by the N. Y. S. M. Society to a delighted audience—though they were not so numerous as the merits of the performance deserved. The choral strength was not so full as could have been wished, and we will here remark that, so we were creditably informed, there were among the audience nearly 25 of the lady performers who had received tickets and were members of the society.—This cannot be too strongly animadverted upon—we trust the "fair" of the society will never again be found so remiss in their duties—such indifference to the interests of the society and injustice to the public should not be tolerated by the board of managers, if they expect its welfare to be promoted—Punctual attendance of members should be insisted upon, or the performing members should be cut off from the rolls of the society—a sufficient number of better or more punctual members will not be found wanting to fill their places.

But notwithstanding these disadvantages the choruses were never better performed in this city—there was a little wavering and want of promptness in "And with his Stripes" and "Their Sound is gone out." The orchestra and chorus Mr. Hill kept under most excellent discipline, which was universally remarked. Messrs Colburn and Sheppard were much liked, the latter has much good taste in his style of enunciation. Mrs. Ferguson made her first appearance on this oratorio, and bids fairly to fill the place of an Alto Solo performer in the society with great credit to it and to herself.—Our little favourite, Miss Northall never sang better, she sang in a more artistical, musician-like manner than we have yet heard her, she is ripening into complete excellence. We understand that the society will produce six more performers this season—and with the admirable orchestra which Mr. Hill has under his command promises all that can be desired in the excellence of the remaining performance of 1846 and 1847.

Apollonian Concert.—The attractions of the young troupe consisting of five persons of the name of Cole and Bullock, continue to be wonderfully great; they have performed to admiration in New York, and they have during the present week been equally successful in Brooklyn. These five persons are from Utica, and are under the management of their teacher Mr. Best, these consist of Geo. Bullock, aged 15, who plays the 1st Viol. or Pianoforte, Henry Bullock, aged 13, who plays the Viola or Tenor, John H. Cole, aged 10, who plays the 2d Viol., D. A. Cole, aged 11, who plays the Violoncello, and Miss A. M. Cole, aged 9 years, who plays the Pianoforte.

These are clever children, and richly repay the listening to, but except the making a few dollars, which the present occasion will well do, it would be much better if these precocious performers were kept to their studies, and away from the dangerous praises they are destined to hear.

The Mozart Collection of Sacred Music.—By E. Ives, Jun.—New York: Paine & Burgess.—This, whether considered as a printed instructor or grammar of music, whether an arrangement or a composition of Mr. Ives', is a very good publication, and we think it will be useful whether in the hands of a general student in music, or whether used by persons who desire to be familiar with music of the sanctuary,—is nevertheless, a sad misnomer when called "the Mozart Collection," for in the first place there is next to no composition of Mozart in the whole publication, nor in the next does it profess to be of the Mozart school. We wish that people would not give names, which should mean something, so capriciously to works of this description. Here is the good "Christus" and "Miserere" by Zingarelli, with English words adapted thereto.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The Actor who at present draws the principal public attention in this city is worthy the name of artiste although some of the characters he appears in are not by us to be tolerated. We allude chiefly to the *Lear* a part in which he is very unequal, being sometimes the forgetful second childish, cholerick old man, which is what Shakspeare intended, and sometimes the robust old chief which Mr. Forrest cannot help breaking out, and which defaces what

the poet and what the language mean. In short Mr. F. has too much animal Spirits for either the Lear, the Richelieu, or the Hamlet, and yet "take him for all in all" he is extremely great in all he portrays. But yet the Lear—like the Richard III. as at present given on our stage, we cannot resist the opportunity of launching our anathema at it, as an insult on the memory of the bard, who first issued this "coinage of the brain" and upon whose mint these two characters are counterfeit. Who, that will take the trouble, but must see that piece is utterly lost, of Shakspeare's Lear by the attempt to make it a play in which one should shew pre-eminence, or in which, more than one should mar the judgments, complacency, or the tastes, principal approval? We have heretofore said enough on this subject, and we only say again in order to testify that our view of this has undergone no change. But read,—we beseech you readers,—read Shakspeare's "Lear" and "Richard III." after you have seen the representations under those titles on the Stage, and then if you are not indignant of the last, we are indignant of you. Mrs. Hunt as we perceive by the public prints is discovered to have too much declamation, that she is in fact a hollow actress; when we only said so, we were considered to be hypercritical, the fact is now plainly perceived. Mr. Hunt had never the qualities of a great but but of a versatile actress, and the last because she would undertake any part.

Niblo's Garden.—So the Garden is denuded of the performances of Mlle. Blangy, we are sorry when the quarrels of artistes oblige the public to be disappointed of their expected amusements. But so it has ever been, and so it will always be so long as performances shall be allowed to occupy so large a share of the public interest. Their quarrels are generally about trifles, and they commonly arise from the party intrigues of the artistes themselves. We have not heard anything correctly as to the cause of this break up, but there is ample recreation in the comic performances at this place.

P. S. We learn since writing the above that the celebrated NIBLO's is down to the ground, being completely and in all respects burnt, by a fire which broke forth about 4 o'clock on Friday morning. We presume some fire from the immediate night before has been smouldering in some corner. Be this as it may, the most fascinating spot for beauties and conveniences, the choicest place for amusement is no more, and we can only hope that our good friend, the enterprising Niblo is not seriously injured in his fortunes by this cruel blow.

Rouery Theatre.—Mr. A. A. Adams and Miss Julia Dean are playing together at this house. They have appeared in "Hamlet," "Virginius," "Macbeth," and "Love's Sacrifice," with great success.

Chatham Theatre.—"The Seven Escapes" still continues to attract crowded houses.

Greenwich Theatre.—Mr. H. P. Grattan is the chief attraction at this house at present.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

GRAND "HOME AND HOME" MATCH AT CRICKET.

The New York Club (Hoboken) v. The St. George's Club, barring of the latter club four players, viz.: Wright, Groom, Winckworth, and Comery. The following is the report of the first game played upon the St. George's Ground, Haerlem Road, on Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1846.

The game was settled to be a day's play, and if there were not time to settle two innings each, then the first innings of each to be the deciding points. The New Yorkers having the choice put in the St. George's men, who made a long first innings, and we think that considering the conditions of the game the New Yorkers were to blame for putting in their adversaries to bat the beginning of the game so arranged. The first two that took bat in hand were Bates and Robt. Waller against the bowling of Cuppage and Sutton, and Bates who was the first to retire being caught at long slip by Mott, made six fine twos. 1 wicket, 66 runs. His place was taken by Green. In the meantime Waller made beautiful hits of three threes, six twos, and made up the score off his bat of 41 when he had the misfortune to be run out. 2 wickets, 83 runs. His place was taken by Wheatcroft, who was caught by Elliot at the Point, without adding to the score. To him succeeded Wild, who was put out "leg before wicket." 4 wickets, 84 runs. Then came Eyre; but Green who had just made a fine three, and appeared to be in batting order, had his bails lowered by Clarke. 5 wickets, 98 runs. Then came Bage, and Eyre who was batting in bold style having made a two and a three was bowled out by Clarke. 6 wickets, 105 runs. His place was taken by Sother, good in all parts of the field, he had made a three and a two when his house was put down by East—the flower of the New Yorkers. 7 wickets, 121 runs. Gardner, a left-handed player, next came to the bat; a careful man whether at bat or in field, he made two twos, and was caught out by Mott at the long slip. 8 wickets, 132 runs. Next came Edwards, a good bowler, but here he had many lives as a batter, for the New York men were fielding very badly, and he augmented his score to 18, in which were a four, and four twos, he was run out. 9 wickets, 159 runs. Lastly, Bage, who had made twelve ones, was bowled down by Cuppage, and Skippon brought out his bat, having made a two in his score. 10 wickets, 172 runs. The fielding of the New Yorkers was not good, and the bowling was impolitic in the first 29 overs of 6, in which no bowling was changed, and the batsmen had got "good sight" of the balls. The play took up 3 1-2 hours, and the balls were 473.

The players now sat down to a hearty Cricketer's dinner, after which the New Yorkers took the bat, against Wheatcroft and Edwards' bowling. The first two to assume the bat were Mott and Auchinleck. Mott made a three and a two, but was upset by Wheatcroft. 1 wicket, 13 runs. Cuppage took his place, but Auchinleck soon followed his companion, being bowled by Edwards

without adding to the score. Greatorex took his place. Cuppage was caught by Wheatcroft upon the return of his ball given by the same bowler. 3 wickets, 18 runs. Holman took his place. Greatorex made a two but was put out "leg before wicket" in a ball which lamed him severely. 4 wickets, 21 runs. East took his place. Holman made a fine two in his play, but was cut off by Edwards, just as Cuppage had been by Wheatcroft. 5 wickets, 31 runs. In his place came Clarke. East batted, as he does everything in Cricket, beautifully, he made a fine four, a finer five, 2 twos, but Edwards found his bails. 6 wickets, 64 balls. To him succeeded Ranney, who, however, was disposed of quickly, being caught at mid-wicket by R. Waller. 7 wickets, 70 runs. Elliot came next, his best place is the long stop, but he makes too much bustle in his play. He ran himself out after striking a two. 8 wickets, 72 runs. To him succeeded Sutton. Clarke had now to succumb, having made a four and a three hit, but his stumps were found by Edwards. 9 wickets, 76 runs. Richards came in last, and brought out his bat, having made a three and a two, and Sutton being bowled out by Wheatcroft. 10 wickets, 88 runs. The inning lasted 97 minutes, and the balls 86 in number.

The play having now reached till more than half-past 4 o'clock, and as the St. George's turn to go in was now the course, the game was over, as regarded the chance of bringing up, the New Yorkers being now 84 behind. However the latter were determined to play, however adversely, until Sundown, as much for the gratification of the spectators as for any other cause, and St. George's went in a second time; this inning hardly deserves a description made more minute than the score will shew, for the truth is the New Yorkers fielded much more carefully in the first innings, and the St. George's men batted very carelessly indeed, under the consciousness, we presume, that the game was won without this inning. At 6:10 the Umpires called "Sundown," leaving one wicket not put down, and Wheatcroft, who had gone in third, made a score of 17 with his wicket not down.

Thus ended the first game of the Match, which was played with honour and good feeling, not a dispute occurred. The Umpires were Messrs. Emmett and Wright, and the Marker was Mr. A. D. Paterson. The return play will be on Wednesday next, on the Hoboken ground of the New Yorkers.

The following is the score of the game:—

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bates, c. Mott, b. Cuppage	21	b. Sutton	9
R. Waller, run out	41	b. Sutton	1
Green, b. Clarke	16	b. Cuppage	3
Wheatcroft, c. Elliot, b. Clarke	0	not out	17
Wild, leg before wicket	0	leg before wicket	0
Eyre, b. Clarke	6	c. Cuppage, b. Cuppage	0
Bage, b. Cuppage	12	run out	0
Sother, b. East	8	not in (Sundown 6:10)	0
Gardiner, c. Mott, b. East	6	b. Cuppage	10
Edwards, run out	18	c. Ranney, b. Cuppage	3
Skippon, not out	6	b. Sutton	0
Byes	33		3
Wide, Cuppage	2	Cuppage 2, Sutton 1	3
No Balls, Sutton	3	Sutton	3
Total	172	Total	52

NEW YORK CLUB.—FIRST INNINGS.

Mott, b. Wheatcroft	7
Auchinleck, b. Edwards	3
Cuppage, c. Wheatcroft, b. Wheatcroft	0
Greatorex, leg before wicket	4
Holman, c. Edwards, b. Edwards	7
East, b. Edwards	23
Clarke, b. Edwards	18
Ranney, c. R. Waller, b. Edwards	4
Elliot, run out	2
Sutton, b. Wheatcroft	3
Richards, not out	7
Byes	7
Wide, Edwards	3
Total	88

Second Innings.—No chance to go in, as the St. George's had one wicket to go down at Sunset, 6:10.

THE GAME OF CRICKET BETWEEN U. S. CLUBS AND CANADA, LATELY PLAYED ON ST. GEORGE'S GROUND.

Having been pretty well teased in the way of appeal, reproach, remonstrance, request, that I would give the complexion of the late Match, the St. George's, New York, and the Union Club, Philadelphia, versus All Canada, lately played on the St. George's Ground, I have often lately had occasion to say, that I cannot give an account of the dispute except upon hearsay information, as I had the misfortune to be taken ill upon the ground before the quarrel broke out, and although I have hitherto spoken pretty plain upon matters connected with Cricket, which I admire more than any other species of Exercise, yet it has always been from my own knowledge of matters as they have occurred. Yet as I have many—aye as many more—persons in Canada, whose good opinion I desire honestly to retain, as I have in New York or Philadelphia, so am I conscious that I shall not have to fear the censure of an over-inclined determination to waver from the true line of description, to suit the U.S. Players in this controversy. I therefore give the description as well as I have been able to collate it, promising at the same time to insert the objections which may hereafter be made by any one who may deem I have not given him justice therein.

There are two or three principal considerations that are never to be lost sight of, in order to understand aright the game and the dispute of which the present

article consists. Firstly, the far greater part of the British Residents in New York and in Philadelphia, are of those who have come into those two places with the intent to improve their fortune and their wealth in life, that is they are either merchants, mechanic-masters, or working people who understand the mechanic arts, and who have soon learnt to consider themselves as good as others, and their labor worth all that is paid for it, consequently they acknowledge no favor. Secondly, when a party or when conjoined parties give a challenge, they generally choose those men who are most like to sustain the victory at which they aim. And if these are working men where is the objection to it? Thirdly, there is a greater number every where of working-men-cricketers, than gentlemen-cricketers. Fourthly, these men, and particularly the man carpent at, have nearly all played against the Canadians before. Fifthly, the challenge was not gentlemen against gentlemen, workingmen against workingmen, but cricketers against cricketers, or at least, and we are sure, it was so understood. The Eleven names were put into the Canadian hands before the preliminaries were decided, and why then the cry afterwards that there were no gentlemen among the players.

The first dispute arose concerning the number of balls which should constitute an "over." The Torontians always play 6, the Montrealers 6, the U.S. always 6, and the parties opposed to each other have always played 6, Mr. Barber's Rules say 4 or 6, but the Marylebone Cricket Rules say 4 only, consequently the Canadians quite against their practice and quite against the New York practice, insisted on 4 and—it was conceded them; they then refused to play the St. George's practice of counting 4 when it went over the fence so as to make less trouble, urging—in my hearing—they of the U.S. Players either could not run so fast, or strike so hard as themselves; they would not choose to lose by that—so they would not give it up,—yet nobody gained thereby. So much for give and take.

Well, preliminaries at length were settled, and the Canadians made 28 in the first innings, 15 only were off the bat, and the other 13 were the bowlers' doings. Placed as I was near the Canadian Tent, in the office of Marker, I could not shut my ears to the exclamations of consternation and surprise that was uttered there. They had evidently betted very largely, they were much surprised, and they were evidently in the condition of men who "had come out for wool, and were returning shorn." I said to myself "here will be a quarrel, which will break up this disgrace." Still I heard not the remark of *no gentlemen*, the Canadians were hurried away from their wickets, the U.S. played away carefully, but no word of reflection against either party.

The United Clubs then went in and got 57, which was more than double the Canadian score, and they got more than three times as many off the bats.

Soon after this, and just when the Canadians had the first two men in of their second innings, I was taken ill, and was carried off the ground, all the rest therefore that I have to describe is hearsay to me, and I have to make it out as best it was corroborated to my understanding. I have, therefore, only to beg it to be noted, that I make no complaint or accusation myself, but endeavour to put the narrative into a comprehensive shape, and that I will correct whatever may be shewn to me as incorrect.

Now comes the squabble, and I hope Mr. Barber's "rules" may have nothing to do with it. The following No. XX. of his, is intended to coincide with No. XIX. of the Marylebone Club,—he says "XX. If in the act of running, or otherwise, either batsmen *intentionally* prevent a catch." And in his book he italicises "intentionally." Now, what says XIX. of the Marylebone Club? it says "XIX. Or, if in pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out," and old Nyren, whose name I perceive Mr. Barber is fond of using, gives this rule in the same words as the Marylebone Club.—I have old Nyren's book before me whilst I write this. Now Mr. Barber has a note of his No. XX., in which he has condescended to explain the "intentionally" which he has evidently interpolated wilfully. Well, Mr. Helliwell it seems receives a ball which he finds hard to play, he plays back on his wicket and strikes the ball up into the air. Whether in the line of the strikers or into the field I will not stay to enquire, the common report says that it was *free* from the line of the strikers run. Be it so, or be it not, still Mr. Helliwell as a good cricketer ought to have known that there was an *express law*, to prevent him from running against the catch, notwithstanding Mr. B.'s explanation of the "intentional." He runs at the Fieldman, bat in hand, knocks him over (though he had caught the ball), hurts him grievously, and defends it by saying "he believed that he had the right to do it,"—is this cricketing—is it *gentlemanly*; he goes out when his error is pointed out to him, and the injured, *uneducated mechanic* who, however, knew the game was so much fluttered by the injury which was apparently meditated against him, that he threw the ball at Helliwell as he departed from the field. Fortunately it fell to the ground ere it touched Helliwell who only received the stroke of the ball on the rise, and who was not hurt. But this had caused a new and *favorable* incident, on which the Canadians might retire—and which they failed not to improve, as the events will shew.—The poor man and his club made abundance of apologies—not one of which was accepted—the Gentleman made no apology for his conduct, and at length it was discovered by a *better*—not a player—from Canada that there was not a *gentleman* player on the U.S. field, (meaning, I suppose, a gentleman so-called from his standing in society,) yet with such adversaries they condescended to eat dinner, drink wine, pass toasts, drink with one another, &c., and the *better* himself had twice to retract his expression!

Then, there would be no safe play with the person who had so offended as to throw the ball (Dudson), life would not be safe from him. Yet after the jollification they returned to the field, took from and gave balls to the fearful offender, in sport, but would not engage to play seriously, and finally to take their de-

parture to Canada without playing the Match out, which was very like finishing in one Innings in favor of the United Clubs, for the Canada players at 13 runs with 3 wickets down, and wanted 16 to be equal at the second Innings to the United Clubs one Innings.

But the worst remains behind, all the Canada papers that we have seen report from a New York daily sheet which was known to be, and acknowledged by the Canadians to be, incorrect in *all* its principal details, and yet there is not a word of discountenance nor of contradiction given by the Canadian *Gentlemen*. Can it really be that the Canadians are about to sink under the countenance of such a sheet and such a report.

This, then, is the appearance of the game as it at present appears to me. As I have said before I will give place to any approved contradiction of this, but professing to know the game as well as any man living, and having done more to propagate the exercise in the United States than any man in it, I can no longer be silent in a case in which the character of the exercise is so much at stake.

Ed. Ang. Am.

Literary Notices.

Liddell and Scott's Greek and English Lexicon, with corrections and additions by Henry Drisler, M.A.—New York: Harpers.—In this substantial and superb volume we have a Greek Lexicon which must inevitably supersede all others now in use,—so manifest and decided is its superiority in every respect. It is much more full in its list of words, gives more exact definitions, a better derivation, and a *history* of each word drawn from its use by authors of various —. It is based upon the work of the eminent Pascow, and has been improved to a very great degree by the English Editors Messrs. Liddell and Scott, and then by the American Editor, the adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College. It places before the student of Greek the means of becoming readily familiar with the language, and will do much to encourage a spirit of more exact and thorough scholarship in the country than has hitherto been obtained. It is published in a thick, substantial volume, well printed, and sold at the low price of *five dollars*. It cannot fail to be introduced into all the classical schools of the country.

The Trees of America; Native and Foreign, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described; being considered principally with reference to their Geography and History; Soil and Situation; Propagation and Culture; Accidents and Diseases; Properties and Uses; Economy in the Arts; Introduction into Commerce; and their Application in useful and ornamental Plantations. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By D. J. Browne, Author of the *Sylva Americana*. Large 8vo., New York: Harpers.

"Many years have been employed in studying, travelling, and collecting materials for this publication; and though of course it does not come under the category of an entirely original work. The title of the work, which we have quoted at length, sufficiently indicates its nature, and the mass of detail which it comprises. The trees are arranged according to the Natural System, which has been adhered to by De Candolle, Loudon and others. It is addressed to the public at large. First we find the Botanical name, with a Table of Synonyms, and a few lines of technical characteristics, in small type. Then comes a general description of the tree, and its varieties, short but to the purpose; then the geography, history, soil, &c. &c., with uncommonly minute directions as to its management and propagation, and an account of the diseases to which it is subject and the insects which infest it, ending with its properties and uses. All this is conveyed in a pleasing style, totally devoid of affectation, and not obscured by scientific terms, as is proper for a work intended for the public at large. It is exceedingly gratifying to observe the happy manner in which amusement is blended with instruction throughout the volume; side by side with veritable history comes the classic legend, or the popular superstition, or the tribute of the poet, filling the page with variety and the mind with romantic associations. This characteristic is so pervading that many might read it with interest who hardly know an oak from an apple tree, and who have no more idea of cultivating the latter than they have of eating the fruit of the former. But it is to the farmer in particular that we would strongly urge the importance of such a work as the present. He should not be so entirely engrossed by his root and grain crops, as wholly to neglect the cultivation of trees. We fear this is too frequently the case, with the exception perhaps of a few fruit-bearers.

"The Engravings are numerous, and are executed with considerable skill. The publishers have acquitted themselves handsomely in getting up the work—the paper, type, &c., being all that can be desired. No expense has been spared to render it worthy of the subject of which it treats; and we trust that the author will meet with such substantial encouragement, as will induce him to carry out the intentions which he expresses in his Preface.

"We heartily commend this handsome volume to our friends both here and in the country. We commend it to State and County Societies as contributing a valuable premium to be contended for by agriculturists; and, finally, we hope that those who control Colleges, Academies and Common Schools, will take care that the youth under their charge have every opportunity of gaining a thorough knowledge of the *Trees of America*."

The above is part of the notice we have seen in "The Agriculturist," and so far as we have quoted we warmly agree therewith. The volume is a very valuable one, well compiled, and well got up.

Rose Marie.—A Novel by P. de Kock.—New York: Taylor & Co.—It is too common to revile the author as a writer of a bad school, still one would wish to encourage the school here. The author writes of Parisian Life, as an American would of New York, or as Dickens would of London, but if we do not wish to see Parisian life delineated, why then, we may taboo Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, "cum multis aliis."

* * We learn that Mr. C. Glen Peebles is about to publish his views upon the social, political, and financial condition of the State of Pennsylvania. We shall earnestly look for the forthcoming of those productions believing him eminently qualified to render such a work useful and interesting.

A Queer Case for the Doctor.—As Dr. D—, of Paris, was returning home, on Tuesday se'nnight, from the Champs Elysees, with his young and pretty wife upon his arm, he was met by a young man, in a great perspiration, and apparently much agitated, who cried out so earnestly "Doctor, follow me; a man's life is in danger," that the doctor let go his wife's arm, saying that he would return as soon as possible. The young man proceeded towards the Boulevard so rapidly, that the doctor was obliged to call to him to moderate his pace. The young man, however, still kept on, and Dr. D—, soon lost sight of him. Not knowing what to do, the doctor waited awhile; but as no one came to intimate where the patient was to be found he resolved to return home, very naturally supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home, he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife and after various inquiries amongst the lady's friends without effect, the doctor applied to the authorities. The investigation which was set on foot gives reason to believe that the lady left Paris the same evening, in company with a foreigner, in the train for Brussels or Ostend. Nothing however, is yet known of the mysterious affair, with any degree of certainty.

The best yet.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back. There, now." Poor Smith sneaked.—*Post.*

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame; it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months, of sickness.

DYSPEPSIA.—To soothe sufferings of humanity, to ameliorate the pangs of disease, is the grand object of medical science. This is efficiently demonstrated in the healing virtues of DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The cures effected by this medicine would fill volumes.

Views on Indigestion as a source of various Undefined and Irregular Nervous Sensations.

"His, small at first, grow larger from delay,
And slowly eat their sad and cankering way;
Thus by successive throes, the frame is torn,
Till health and peace of mind alike are gone."

The nerves of the human body—those necessary and mysterious agents which immediately connect man with external nature—are singularly prone to have their functions disordered by an oppressed condition of the stomach; the minute termination of that portion of the nerves expanded upon the organs of digestion conveying the morbid impression to the Brain. And all, though the Head can, undoubtedly, like other organs, be the seat of primary disorder, yet, in the great majority of cases, the uneasy sensations there experienced are symptomatic of disordered Stomach; and, further, there is abundant evidence to prove that cruditie in the Stomach and Bowels can, in every grade of human existence, give rise to spasmodic action in every organ of the body; and whether we survey it in the agonising form of Tic Doleureux—the alarming convulsions of the Epileptic seizure—or in that irritable condition of the nerves of the heart occasioning nervous palpitation—they can all frequently be traced to the source above mentioned, and be cured by mild evacuant and tonic remedies. To relieve a state of so much suffering and distress, (in which body and mind also participate) BRANDRETH'S PILLS are confidently recommended; as, by combining aromatic tonic and cleansing properties, they remove all oppressive accumulations, strengthen the Stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquillity to the nervous system; and, in fact, by their general purifying power upon the blood, exert a most beneficial influence in all cases of disease.

PURIFICATION.

It is a settled creed in all correct medical jurisprudence, that unless the blood is kept free from impurities, the whole system must inevitably become diseased. When the blood becomes clogged, thick, and moves through the veins and arteries with a sluggish motion, we may rest assured that sickness, with its concomitant train of evils, is about to ensue. The utmost care and greatest precaution are therefore necessary, and the system should be closely watched. Those who generally provide themselves with mild and aperient physic, should give a preference to such as are of a strictly vegetable nature. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills appear to be the universal favorite, as they are composed entirely of Vegetables and co-operate so effectively—cleansing the system—purifying the blood and removing all undue biliary secretions.

Remember, Druggists are NOT permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

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PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article. Ad 18-1f.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely re-fitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL. Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6mp.

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AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS.

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WITH Explanatory Notes, Practical Observations, Copious Marginal References, &c., by the Rev. A. FLETCHER, D.D., author of the "Guide to Family Devotion," &c.—This part is embellished with a landscape view of the MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM THE WEST, engraved by Brandard, after a sketch taken on the spot by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. Published by GEORGE VIRTUE, (late R. Martin & Co.) 26 John Street.

Heads of Families are respectfully solicited to inspect this work, as it is the most splendid Family Bible ever issued in this country.

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BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. Sept. 19-3m.

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HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.



OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

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SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED

BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.



THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York. (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States. Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musicales, Fetes Solemnelles, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park. Sept. 5-1f.

THE duties of Miss KEOGH'S Boarding and Day School for young Ladies, will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 7, at 73 Third Avenue. Aug. 29-4f.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

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CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

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THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
\$	\$			\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 09	2225
			1838	900 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1780
			1840	581 85	270 20	39 70	1483
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present, ear.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street, New York.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 23d, 1846.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE

ALBANY, July 24, 1846.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earl, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENFON, Secretary of State

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES,

Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be paid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi, title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug. 8.—3m.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	7th May.
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	25th June.
Saturday	29th July.	Thursday	20th Aug.
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	8th Oct.
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday	26th Nov.

GREAT BRITAIN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	9th May.	Saturday	6th June.
Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday	1st Aug.
Wednesday	26th Aug.	Tuesday	22d Sept.
Tuesday	20th Oct.	Tuesday	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
 Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
 For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
 New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON, Nov. 8-1y. No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs.

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BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
 Can be obtained only of the Patentee, THOS. PROSSER,
 23 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
 ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible. dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Office 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Sp. 13-1y.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-1f.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than any other fine pointed pen, thus making it of a more durable character. The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by HENRY JESSOP, 91 John Street. June 8.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail),
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

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Ashburton,	H. Hattleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

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Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16
Fidelity, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 6
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

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